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["RELEASE ME! LET ME GO!" CRIED HELEN, VAINLY STRUGGLING TO FREE HER HAND.]

HELEN'S DILEMMA.

CHAPTER VI.

THE schoolroom was a bright, cheerful place, with plenty of light, a blazing fire, and a well-spread tea-table. A fair, pretty, but discontented-looking girl was seated before the teapot, sipping her tea and reading a novel alternately; and another girl, of about twelve, with pert, sharp features, searching little hazeleyes, and a profuse mane of bright red hair, was making herself a delicious concoction, with the aid of the cream-ever and sugar-basin. Both raised their eyes as the door opened and Blanche and the stranger came into the room.

"This is your new governess, Loo-Loo," she

"This is your new governess; Loc-Loc, she said, blandly.
"Bother! I don't want any more governesses," returned she of the ruddy locks, glaring alternately at Helen and her sister, and making no effort to rise.

"And this is my sister Kate," proceeded Blanche, calmly. "Katie, I will leave Miss

Brown with you now, as you know we are going out to dinner. I daresay she will have another cup of tea. Au revoir," and so saying, she went out, shut the door after her, leaving our heroine to her fate.

"Will you have tea?" said Katie, pushing away her book, and staring hard at her guest.

"Thanks. I should like some very much,"

returned Helen,

"You look as if you had had no dinner!" said Loo-Loo, suddenly, seeing Helen help herself to a solid piece of oake. "Had you?" im-

periously.
"Well, to be honest with you, I have not dined, but this will do perfectly well!" replied

the new governess.

"I say! what a shame you have had nothing downstairs; just like them! Kitty, ring the bell."

"Do not mind anything for me!" said Helen, hastily. "I like tea and bread-and-butter better than anything else."

"Then your tastes are not luxurious?" re-marked Katie. "And it is well for you they are not. I suppose you have seen your room?" she asked in a marked manner.

"Yes; it will do very well, indeed." "Yes; it will do very well, indeed."
"You came in the tax-cart; we saw you.
Father wanted to send the carriage for you,
but mother would not hear of it. I suppose
Toke nearly talked your head off. He is the
greatest gossip in the parish."
"He did not tell me much gossip. I am too

much of a stranger for that."
"By the way, I suppose you saw Dolly—I mean our brother Augustus?" asked Loo-Loo, pointedly. " Yes.

"I wonder which faction you will belong to— the upstairs or the down. Blanche and Dolly, or Katie and me?" "To both I hope !" returned Helen, with a

"That will be impossible. We are fire and water. We are the fire," pointing to herself and sister, "they are the water. Dad favours us—the mater backs them."

"I am sure you are joking!" said Helen, with an incredulous face.

"Half joke—whole earnest, as you'll see,"
"By-the-way, Miss Brown, you came home
with our poor cousin—your namesake!" said



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Katla, making an effort to stem her sister's confidences. "Tell us about her. And you know her well." Was she nice?"

knew her well Was she nice?"

"Yes! I knew her very well, but I would rather not talk about her," replied Helen, with her eyes on her plate, "It was all so sudden. It is a painful subject!"

"Mother meant her to have married Dolly," said Loo-Loo, with easy loquacionsness.
"New he will have to fall back on Miss Fox."

"Miss Fox! Nonsense! he hasn't a chance against Rupert!" returned har sutter, scarn.

gainst Rupert !" returned her alster, scorn-

agains Rupers?
fully.

"Yes! I know she's dead spoons on him, but he won't some up to the scratch, in spite of her thousands; so I daresay she will find half a loaf, in the shape of Dolly, better than no bread!" replied this terrible young person.

"My dear child, you must not talk like this!" expostulated Helen. "Where did you nick up such ideas and such slang?"

this!" expostulated Helen. "Where distyou pick up such ideas and such slang?"
"You can't stop me if I choose to swear "said this delightful pupil, squaring her choose on the table, and grinning at Helen detaatly."However, I like the looks of you, and if you are as nice as you look I don't say but that you and I may get on together very condentably!"
"If you will give up slang we shall get on famously!" replied Helen, with animation. Presently the tea things were removed, and the three girls drew round tha tree, and for the first time Helen noticed that Katie, with her dainty little figure, her pretty, handley looking face, is lame—fearfully lame.

Something seems astray with one of herhand she walks with a halt, by the aid of a gold-headed cane.

gold-headed cane.

Poor Katiel she is always called "Poor Katie! she is always called "Poor Katie." This may account for her distants for society, her aversion to strangers, her kenn, satirical tangue, her biting sarcaums. Luckly for Helem she found favour in the eyes of her

for Helem she found favour in the eyes of has future companions.

She was young and gay, and pusty—vidiferent to their former government very furnivery conscientious. She ruled by kindness, nor showed she wied—guiding and restraining her wild impetuous pupil with the most delicate of hands.

She soon obtained a wondurful in thence over Lco-Lco, who bent her wild neck to the yoke to the amazement of all, and permaded by Helen's entreaties and arguments, sectionally applied herself to her long neglected lemons for four hours every day.

The afternoons were free, and many very charming excursions were made by the trio in the schedroom in Katie's little posycarriage.

Their favourite drive was over to Cargew, about three miles off. Here they would put up Punch, the pony, and ramble about the house, the gardens, or the path, returning to the in the housekeeper's room with Mrs. tea in the housekeeper's room with Mrs. Bance, a portly and good natured dame, who had grown hoary in the service of the Lynns.

During the spring they made many visits to

Mrs. Despard and her eldest daughter and son were in London for the season, and Mr. Despard and the young people were left to their

He was a hale, bluff, hearty gentleman, with a very red face and very white whiskers, and rejoiced in a voice like Boreas himself. He very frequently joined the party in the schoolroom at tea-time, or invited them all to dine with him in the library, and it was very plain to see that his daughter Katie, cripple though she was, was the very apple of his eye.

Books, painting materials, jewellery, and costly presents were loaded upon her after each flying visit to the metropolis.

Cargew is fitly described in the county guide-book, but a few words must be said about it here. It is approached by a long avenue, winding in and out for more than a mile through a demesne. of picturesque undulations, and adorned with magnificent old trees, separately or in clumps, or in long lines, like files of old forest veterans. The house is built of dark red brick

(nearly brown with age), is large and ram-bling, and surrounded on two sides by a moat, half covered with water lilies; on the other sides its deep-mullioned windows look out upon sides its deep-mullioned windows look out upon the avenue and on a long terraced garden, with old-fashioned, close-set ledges, and flights of shallow steps, leading down to the fountain, and fish-pond below; peacooks still sunned themselves on the broad walks; beds of fra-grant old-world flowers gave forth their per-fume to the desert air; the gardens were still "kept up" with the most scrupulous care, and were one of the sights of the county and were one of the sights of the county.

Time to the desert air; the gardens were still "kept up" with the most scrupulous care, and were one of the sights of the county.

The interior of Carges was in keeping with its surroundings; apparently nothing later than the reign of Queen Anne had been added a the furniture. The entrance hall was impusse—as large as a ball-room! The walls, sowered with odd, old family pictures, abortialled race-houses and favourite hunters. Numerous trophies of the hall, were to be seen. Battered casques, old coars of armour were fouged about in various niches, and not a few dusty flags and standards depended from the latty caken ceiling.

The castraphy of the house was most involved. There were the state a partments, the dining rooms, the white drawing-room, all on the ground floor. Upstairs there were the north and south and cast uling devoted to great bedrooms, winding massage, cupbrates, and nurseries and oudoirs. The celebrated picture gallery occupied the whallength of the weat wing, and cantained sources and part of the wast wing, and cantained sources and south mustered in great force, and good looks had castainly been their portion in no small degree. Soldiers there were in panty, beauties with doves on their fingers, beauties very much madorned, beauties in pounder and hoop.

This galery was the favourite haunt of the Massage of almost every metratic, and each had her special aversion and her special favourite; and they would sit in the deep-mullioned wind was the end looking over the most, and warmly argue the merits and demerits of each other's choice.

This was in favour of a term, elderly, but withing loving man with a same warm a wing a dear and her special favourite; and they would sit in the deep-mullioned wind warmly argue the merits and demerits of each other's choice.

her's choice. Ratie was in favour of a stern, elderly, but witing-looking man with a pointed beard and

"He looks as if he had some brains," she waid. "He was Admiral Lynn, who helped to chase the Spanish Armeda in the time of good Queen Bras."

"Fancy going to see in a lace ruff!" said Loo-Loo, contemptuously. "He is a regular old fogie, and not to be compared to my man in the splendid uniform of the white mousquetaires!" quetaires !

"Horrid renegade! Why did he serve in a foreign army? I would be ashamed to own him!" said Katie, with a decisive thump of her stick. "His picture should be burnt!" "I daresay he found that the times were our joint at home." said Helen; "but I wonder you have not chosen that cavalier over there! The one with his hand on his sword, and the crimson scarf 1"

"Sir Everard." Oh, is that your taste?
Then you will admire Rupert, for he is the
very image of that particular ancester. He
has the same shaped face, the same dark eyes, and is every bit as good-looking ! " said Katis,

impressively.

There is a horrid story about him though!
They say that he discovered that his wife was concealing some one in some of the old search necks in the house—that he found a man's glove in her bedroom, and he failed to reake her confess. He killed her in his rage—flung her out of one of these windows into the most, they say, and when the state of the search. they say; and when, afterwards, it came out that the man in hiding was her Roundhead brother, he shot himself in an agony of re-morne!" said Loo-Loo, quoting verbatim from Mrs. Bance's oft-told tale with considerable complacency.

"They say they both walk," observed Katie, with deep gravity; "on moonlight nights are

to be met in this gallery—she protesting on her knees, and he beside himself with je lous fury. That is she ever there, with the white satin petticoat and smiling face. Poor soul! she little dreams of the fate that was in store for her! Fancy her shricking and clinging to the window-sill !"

"No one could believe anything bad of him, to judge from his face!" said Helen, rising and surveying the picture with steady scru-

and surveying the picture with steady scratiny.

"Do you remark how the eyes follow you everywhere? From whatever point you look at him he is looking at you!" said Loo-Loo.

"That is a sign of a well-painted portrait," remarked Katie, sententiously. "There's nothing supernatural in that. Dear me! how long the evenings are getting! I feel as if it were tea-time. Supposing we forget these musty old people, and adjourn downstairs?"

And notwithstanding her little tapping.

And, notwithstanding her little tapping stick and painful limp, and led the way out of the gallery at a rapid pace.

CHAPTER VII.

shame!" said Loo-Loo, flurrying into the school-room and banging the door after her, a few dars later, and speaking in a loud, aggregations.

"O. 5. fie, Loo-Loo!" said Helen, looking up from her painting—a banch of with dowers that abe and Katie were copying in friendly

up from her painting—a hunch of wall dowers that she and Katie were copying in friendly omalisian.

"Will, what is it now?" asked Katie, aske washed out har brash.

'You know, the fancy-ball must was?" exclaimed Loo-Loo, tragically.

"Are we deef, and dume, and blind?" said Katie, ironically. "Have we heard of ony-bing the for the last month? Have not our-brains hen reassacked for suitable characters? Have me our histories, assisted and modern, one is and the parish? Are we not heartily sink of the whole affair, my good gai?

"Well, what do you think?" said Loo-Loo, resting her ollows on the table, and gazing at the two girls impressively. "Dolly and Blanche have persuaded the mater to put up a lot of people for the great ovent. Our roams are wanted!"

"And we are to sleep out in the garden!" interrupted fattle with a laugh.

"No, no! I have have see to be colonised at Cargew—for two days! Pray what do you think of that?"

"I think it is an excellent idea! I have not the modifiest objection!" renlied Katie, after a fire a strend of the smallest objection!" renlied Katie, after a fire the great over the mealing objection!" renlied Katie, after a fire a strend of the smallest objection!" renlied Katie, after a fire the great over the smallest objection!" renlied Katie, after a fire a strend of the smallest objection!" renlied Katie, after a fire the great over the smallest objection!" renlied Katie, after a fire a strend of the smallest objection!" renlied Katie, after a fire a strend of the smallest objection!" renlied Katie, after a fire a strend of the smallest objection!" renlied Katie, after a strend of the smallest objection!" renlied Katie, after a strend of the smallest objection!" renlied Katie, after a strend of the smallest objection!"

"I think it is an excellent idea! I have not the smallest objection!" replied Katie, after a moment's reflection. "It will be a nice little change, and we will be out of all the fus." "But I wanted to see the dresses," grumbled

"Nonsense!" said her sister. "There are wardrobes full of old clothes at Cargew, and

we will dress you up to your heart's content!"

The Middletons, and the Vanes, and the Somersets are coming!" whined Loo-Loo, still

"And what if they are? I'm sure I don't want to see them I" said Katie. "We shall have by far the best of it at Cargew, you will see. Cheer up!"
"I won't sleep by myself—that's das I" said her sister, defiantly.

"Well, if you are a good girl, you shall sleep with me, so there is something to look forward to!" said. Helen, looking up with a smile. "And now, my dear Loo-Loo, it is time for you-to learn your lessons."

The great day came at last—the date of the

The great day came at last—the date of the Duke of Duchester's fancy-ball, and early in the afternoon our young friends had driven over to Cargew, and taken possession of the large bedrooms opening into each other, unpacked their small belonging, and made themselves entirely at home. They dined in Sir Rupert's special apartment—a summy room with wide bay-windows facing south, lined with low, oaken book-cases, and furnished with

simple severity; a writing table, a round table, a few deep, old, red leather chairs, a few rare prints; lots of pipes over the chimney-piece, a vast assortment of swords and daggers bristling in stars on the walls; tiger and bearskins strewn about the floor—essentially a many sandarm. man's sanctum

man's sanctum!

After dinner they lounged about the terrace, fed the peacocks; and oh! happy thought! hurried upstairs as the daylight waned and routed among the old wardrobes for the dresses and decorations of a bygone age.

They would all dress up for supper!—this was Katle's idea; and it was carried out, despite Helen's remonstratives, that as could not think of wearing the garments of Sir Rupert's ancestors. Would not dream of taking such a liberty!"

not think of waring the garments of Sir Rupert's ancestors. Would not dream of taking such a liberty!"
"Ridiculous nonsense!" said Katle, who was standing smid's hesp of old brocades with a pair of high-heeled slippers in her hands. Rupert lets us do as we please with all the old rubbish. We had a lot over at home for our charades. There's enough to dees the whole county here! Come, make your choice. For mercy sake, look at Katle in the brocade with the pink and blue roses the size of cauliflowers!" pointing to her sister, who was rapidly transforming herself, by means of flour, cork, and paint, into a lady of the last century, and was intensely absorbed in her own reflection. "I shall have this brown and gold, with the pink petticost."

flection. "I shall have this brown and gots, with the pink petitionst."
"Well, if I must, I must! I think this white, satin and gold body and train over the canary-coloured petiticost, and these finny little shoes, and that bit of old lace, will just complete my costume. No one is to look at any one till we are all dressed. We will meet at upper—is not that the agreement?" Helen said, bundling up har finery and dutting the spartment.

we are all dressed. We will meet at supperis not that the agreement?" Helen said, bundling up her finery and quitting the spartment.
Half an hour later she made her appearance
downstairs, walking very slowly into the
library with her train over her arm. She
made a deep reverence to the two sisters.
Their exclamations of surprise and delight
were warmly echoed by Mrs. Bance, who
loudly assured Helen that she was, for all the
world, like one of the pictures in the gallery
come down out of its frame.

Certainly it would have been hard to find
anything prettier to look at than Miss Helen
Brown. She wors a low, white satir body,
rounded on her shoulders, and finished off
with a little lace fichu; the elbow alcoves were
also garnished with deep raffles to match; a
long sweeping train, over a bright yellow
satin petilooat, revealing the daintiest little
feet in yellow silk stockings and very pointed
yellow shoes; her wavy har was pulled low
over her forchead to resemble the style of
coiffear of the time of Charles the Second; a
French velver round her wrists and throat, French velvet round her wrists and throat, and a bunch of crimson roses in her breast, completed her costume.

When suppar was over they played whist, then they rummaged among the books; and finally, about bedtime, they began to tell ghost

Katie seemed to have any number at her fingers' ends, and each more grisly and blood-curdling than the last. Loo-Loo sat a transfixed listener, with staring eyes and open mouth, and a face expressive of the livelest apprehension; but Helen laughed every stery in its turn to scorn, suggested lobster suppors, nightmare, sleep-walking, robbers—in short, everything but ghosts; but Katle and Loc-Loc were both firm believers, and not to be laughed at with impunity. They became argumentative

hot—finally, angry.

'It is all very well to talk!" said Katie,
cornfully. "One is conrageous enough in

'this searing big fire, and in "It is all very well to task a scornfully. "One is courageous enough in company, and over this roaring big fire, and in a well-lighted room, but if you have the courage of your opinions show it. Will you go alone, without a light, to the very end of the picture-gallery and bring me my fan, which I left in the window-seat? Come now!"

"Why not? I accept your challenge!" said Helen, standing up and pushing back her chair.

Just as she got to the door she lightly kissed the tips of her fingers to the girls at the fire, and saying,—
"Fare thee well, and if for ever,
Still for ever, fare thee well,"

immediately disappeared. It was a bright moonlight night, and about half-past twelve o'clock, as she sped upstairs, flew along the empty corridors, and clattered down the steps leading to the picture-gallery. Patter, patter, patter, went her little high-heeled shoes, all down between the two rows

of staring pictures—some of which were in bright light and some in shadow.

"It is certainly very creepy!" she said to herself; and what a noise her shoes made in the dead, oppressive silence. She had almost reached the end of her jourcey. Her hand was already stretched out for her prize, when it suddenly dawned upon her highly-strung senses that romcone was standing in the embrasure of the window—a man with folded arms and a dark, resolute face !—a man in a

steel cuirass and crimson sash—one of the pictures—Sir Frerard himself!

He heart literally stopped beating for a second, and then went on in loud, audible second, and then went on in load, addice thumps. Still stretching out her hand to snatch the fan she was about to turn and fise, but she was held fast. A grasp of iron encircled her wrist, and the figure spoke.

"So we have met at last, madam," it said,

with slow distinctness.

Helen trembled like a reed shaken in the wind, and was unable to articulate a word.

"Whether in the body or the spirit, you do not stir from here till you make known your name and errand!"

Release me! let me go!" cried Helen, vainly struggling to free her hand. "Whoever you are, you have no right to detain—I com-

you are, you have no right to detain—I command you to release me!"

"I will let you go on one condition, my pretty, trembling little ghost!" said the cavalier; gazing down into her face of agonized horror. "Whoever you are, you must give me a kies," drawing her nearer to him.

She looked at him paralysed with fear. Yes, he was the very self-same Sir Everard who was said to walk in the gallery, even to the smallest details of his dress.! There could be was said to wark in the gallery, even to the smallest details of his dress.! There could be no possible mistake! as she gazed at him with eyes nearly glazed with horror. He stooped forward with a smile and pressed her lips with his black moustache.

"Now you may go," he said, with a gesture of farewell.

She needed no second bidding. Two minutes' later, Helen had burst into the library as if a

whole legend of spectres were in hat pursuit.
Panting for breath, and white as her gown,
she cast herself into a chair, and, holding her hand to her heart, exclaimed,-

"I have seen him!"
"Seen whom?" cried the two girls, simpl-

"Seen whom?" cried the two girls, simultaneously.
"Seen Sir Everard. He was at the end of the long gallery. Oh! it has nearly killed met! Look!" she added, her voice rising to a little scream—"there he is again!"
And at that instant the opposite door opened, and the cavalier calmly walked into

the room.

"Rupert!" exclaimed his cousins, rising, ith great amazement. "Who would have

"Ripert!" exclaimed his cousins, rising, with great amazement. "Who would have expected to see you here to night?—and in fancy dress! Where did you drop from?"

"I came from the ball; I had had enough of it. My aunt told me you were here; but I thought you would all have been in your beds hours ago."

"Then it was you who have just given Helen such an awful fright?" said Loo-Loo, pointing to where Helen sat, still white and trembling.

"Pardon me, it was just the other way," he replied, bowing in her direction. "I was crossing the gallery to go to my own room, when I heard a patter, patter of high-heeled shoes coming down the gallery, and then I beheld the white lady advancing towards me with the utmost speed. I can assure you I very nearly fainted. However, I am delighted

to find that my fears were unfounded, and that she is real flesh and blood. May I have the honour of an introduction, in the form of a fellow-mortal?" he added, looking at Katie. " Please assure your friend that I am a solid

"Miss Brown, our governess-Sir Rupert

Lynn."
Helen made a very faint inclination of her head. She had by no means forgiven Sir Rupert for the awful fright he had given her, her heart was beating loudly still—and then the kiss he had dared to take! At the mere recollection the blood mounted to her pale

Sir Rupert gazed in incredulous amazement,

and then said,"Pray forgive me, Miss Brown, for the

"Pray forgive me, Miss Brown, for the start I must have given you—it was whelly unpremeditated," laying down his broad-leafed hat, and taking a chair beside her.

"It was partly our fault," interrupted Katie.
"We dressed up for fun, this evening; and then, from old family pictures, we got to talking about ghosts, and Helen declared she did not believe in them. not believe in them!—so we clared her to go
to the end of the picture-gallery alone, and
she accepted the challenge with the result you
see! "looking over at her friend, who lay back
in her chair, and still seemed almost as if she

were about to faint.
"I assure you, I'm awfully sorry, Miss.
Brown," said her host, looking full into her Brown, Brown," said her host, looking full into her face with his handsome dark eyes. "I thought, at first, you were a ghost, and I wa-determined to make you stand and deliver; then, when I saw you were mortal, I imagined you to be some girl who was playing a trick on me, and I was determined to pay you out. Will you forgive me?" he asked, humbly.

forgive me?" he asked, humbly.
"I cannot forgive you altogether!" said
Helen, with scarlet cheeks, and without
raising her eyes.
"What ronsense, Helen! Of course you will
forgive him—he only gave you a little fright!"
exclaimed Katie, indignantly, innocently unaware of the little kiss. "How odd that you
should meet in such a way—masquerading,

should meet in such a way masquerading, and both in the characters that belong specially to the gallery."
"Young ladies! young ladies!" exclaimed Mrs. Bance, opening the library door, and speaking in a shocked voice. "Is it possible that you are not in your beds hours ago? Whatever are you doing sitting up like this? Whatever are you doing sitting up like this? I have been so busy getting Sir Rupert's room aired that I forgot all about you till I saw the

light under the door, and heard voices!"
"Mrs. Bance, I have been the innocent
means of giving Miss Brown a terrible fright," said Sir Rupert. "She must have some wine—a glass of that old Madeira,"—Helen made a quick gesture of dissent, and an effort to rise—"and, indeed, I think we would all be the better for a little supper. Do you think you can forage out anything for us in the

"Well, Sir Rupert, I'll see what I can do. There's a cold raised pie and a fruit tart. But I'm sure late suppers, and these hours, are not the thing for Miss Loo-Loo!" said Mrs. Bance, with a glance of respectful remon-

Nonsense, Mrs. Bance! Late supper and late hours will just suit me down to the ground! And I'll come and help you to carry up the things-Marks is in her first sweet ep, of course !" said Loo-Loo, bounding out

of the room like a young kangaroo.

"Now, Rupert, tell me how you came here?
where you came from? and what you have been doing?" said Katie, leaning back in her chair, and gazing at her cousin imperiously.

"How I came here? is your first question I came in a fly from the King's Head, Torchester. Where I came from is question number two? I came from the Duke's ball; I only landed at Dover this morning, and as I had a dress and an invitation, I went with some friends, I stayed an hour, saw all the most wonderful costumes, saw your mother— who, by-the-bye, is going to send for you at cock-crow to-morrow—and feeling rather done up after my long journey, I thought I would go home and turn in, as I was not very keen about

Wasn't Bance in a fine state of fuss when

you walked in?"

"Ob. Bance is used to it," he replied, lightly; "and I sent my things, my baggage, over from Torchester early in the evening; so she had some warning."

Was it a good ball?"

"Yes, it seemed going off all right-awfully

" 1es, is seemed going on all right—awruly crowded, of course."

" I suppose Flora Fox was there?"

" I suppose she was!" he answered with a smile. "Halloa, here comes supper at last!
Loo-Loo bearing the fruit tart."

Miss Brown now rose, and declining wine, supper, or any refreshment, bade the company good-night and retired, very much to everybody's disappointment.

"Now, Rupert!" said Loo-Loo, drawing her chair close up to her cousin, with a confidential hitch. "Tell us what you think of her? and give me a good helping of pie, and plenty of

paste and gravy.

"If you mean Miss Brown, I could not pos-"If you mean Miss Brown, I could not pos-sibly express any opinion on so short an acquaintance. She must be a very remark-able character. To have been your governess for six whole months, and to be able to retain her situation and her reason!" he added, with a lauch.

"She is not a bit like what you expected to see, is she?" asked Katie. "You had no idea she would be so pretty, had you?—and she is twice as nice as she looks!"

"Dolly told me she was a stunner-an outand-outer !- in a confidential moment; so I was not utterly unprepared.'

"And don't you think she is awfully pretty?" asked Loo Loo, who had a great respect for her cousin's opinion. think she is awfully

respect for her cousin's opinion.

"I don't think we ought to discuss her in
this way," he replied, evasively. "Let me
tell you about all the pretty things I have
brought you from Constantinople—silver

"Oh! have you? you dear, duck of a Rupers!" said Loo-Loo, clapping her hands, over whelming him with questions, and entirely forgetting her governess's good looks. But all the time Rupert was saying to him-

self "that Miss Brown was simply the loveliest girl he had ever seen—such eyes, such a profile, such a carriage! The rôle of governess was a gross misfit for a young lady of her age and appearance. Who could she be? Where did she come from?"

A few diplomatic questions put him in com-mand of all the facts that his cousins could tell him. She came from India-she was an orphan-she had no friends in this country, and she was very poor; but the was clever, accomplished, of a very bright disposition, and altogether and in every way charming.

"And how do she and Blanche coalesce?"

he asked with a curious smile.

"Oh! they hardly see each other! We stay
up in the schoolrom; and Helen very rarely up in the schoolrom; and Helen very rarely goes to the drawing-room, unless she is required to play and sing, if there is company. She hater it, I can tell you; but she has not had much of it, as the mater and Blanche were in London all spring—and Dolly was a good riddance; he was always prowling about the schoolroom or the park bothering as. I don't think Helen likes him!" she added, in a burst

To this Rupert made no reply; but mentally remarked to himself, "that he was by no means supprised at the intelligence." means surprised at the intelligence.

"There is one o'clock striking!" he ex-claimed, rising. "Girls, you must go to bed," he added, authoritatively. "I don't know what he added, authoritatively. "I don't know what your mother would say to me if she were to hear of this midnight debauch! So lighting their candles, he politely escorted them into their own corridor, and then made his way to his own far distant apartment. As he walked down the long, echoing picture-gallery, he till seemed to see her flying towards him in

the moonlight, a high resolve imprinted in her perfect face—she who was occupying a mos unusual share of his thoughts—who subse quently appeared to him in more than one odd fantastic dream—Helen Brown, his cousin's beautiful governess!

CHAPTER VIII.

THE next morning was a lovely one, in the arly part of June. At nine o'clock the three early part of June. early part of June. At nine o'clock the three girls came trooping down to breakfast, which was laid out in the library, close to an open window. A curious old tea-equipage (a veritable Queen Anne), choice old cups and saucers of delicate crown Derby china; hot cakes, home-cured ham, home-made preserves, and freah eggs grace the board, grouped round a centre-piece filled with ferns and expiritive process.

quisite roses.

The host was already down, and was sitting half in and half out of the open window as they entered. Seen by broad daylight, without his bright cuirass, fancy dress, and cavalier hat, he was a tall, slight, handsome young man, with dark eyes, dark mous ache, and a singularly expressive face, dressed in a well-made, light morning suit, with a bit of jessamine in his button-hole. He immediately rose, and greeted his cousins cordially—their governess deferentially. He looked into her lovely eyes—there he plainly saw that she had by no means forgotten their little adventure of the previous night. She, too, was altered in appearance. She now wore a plain, but well-fitting, white morning dress, her golden-brown looks pushed away from her low, broad forehead, and wound into a tight, massive, shining knot at the back of her classic head. knot at the back of her classic head.

Breakfast was by no means as convivial as the late supper had been. Despite Rupert's the late supper had been. Despite Rupert's valiant endeavours to make conversation general, Miss Brown was as cold and irresponsive as the typical iceberg. It was a false position!—a horrible position!—their being here in this young man's house—entertained by him! Of course it was accidental—but, nevertheless, it was exceedingly unpleasant; and as to the scene in the picture gallery—it simply would not bear thinking about!

aimply would not bear thinking about!
After breakfast they reamed about the place, escorted by Sir Rupert, who paid a visit to the kennels, and released his old setters—Dash and Grouse—and was nearly thrown down by them in the exuberance of their delight. Then they went to the stables, where delight. Then they went to the stables, where he was gladly recognized by his two hunters—
Hero and Hussar. Gradually they made their way into the grounds, and then into the garden; and Helen, in spite of herself, was drawn into the conversation, and found it impossible to resist the seduction of Sir Rupert's manner.

It is not always a heavenly morning in June. One is not always young, and walking with other happy young people in an old garden, that looks as if it were imported direct from fairyland!

They visited the fishponds and fed the fish; they loitered and dawdled about for nearly two hours, and then, Katie, seating herself on the bottom step of a shallow flight, desired Rupert to take Miss Brown to see the haunted tree, just by, and the lovers' walk, "as she was too tired to walk another step! and Loo had gone in for another supply of bread for the fish."

the fish."

In spite of Helen's disclaimers that "it would do another time," she was led away by her host, conducted down the steps and along a shady walk, where old branching limes interlaced their arms overhead, and almost shut out the sunlight. It was called the "lovers' walk," and surely no pair of lovers, who ever breathed out vows of eternal constancy, or paced, arm in arm, underneath who ever breathed out vows of eternal con-stancy, or paced, arm in arm, underneath those old trees, were ever as goodly to look on as the couple who now came down from the terrace, and passed into its cool shadow! They walked in deep meditation for at least five minutes, and at last he spoke.

"Miss Brown," he said, glancing at her,

hastily; "I am glad to have a moment with you alone, to ask you to forgive me for—for my little mistake last night!" No answer. "I was entirely unintentional," he pleaded; "I had not the smallest idea who you were. I

"If you will promise never to speak of it again," broke in Helen, impatiently, "I will do my beatto—to—to—forgetit. Yes, I will endeavour to forget," she added, tremulously.

"That is more than I shall do," he rashly admitted. "I shall never forget it—but, if I have your forgiveness, I can bear the recollection of it with fortifude!"

"Sir Rupert!" exclaimed Helen, hastily. "Are you taking advantage of my position in your aunt's house to speak to me in a manner you would not dare to do to any young lady whom you might think your equal?"

She stopped, folded her hands before her, and locked at him with glowing cheeks and indignant eyes.

"You quite mistake me, Miss Brown," said
"You quite mistake me, "I don't know about "You quite mistake me, Miss Brown," said her companion, quietly. "I don't know about the word 'dare,' but I certainly would not care to make the same speech to any of the young ladies of my acquaintance—and you are their equal in every sense of the word, in my opinion. If I have offended you, forgive me."

Again Helen made no reply, but, averting her face, walked on in silence.

"Here is the tree!" he said, as they came out in the avenue, and walking a few paces in

her face, walked on in silence.

"Here is the tree!" he said, as they came out in the avenue, and walking a few paces in the park, stood under a wide-spreading, very bright, copper beech.

"The legend is, that a murder was committed beneath this tree, and that from being an ordinary green beech it instantly took the colour of a reddish copper; but I cannot vouch for the truth of the statement," he said, with a smile. "Have you made up you mind? Are you going to forgive me?" he proceeded. "Come, Miss Brown, I did not think you were so hard to convince! You had better be on good terms with me, as when I am at home I spend half my time in the school-room at Kingscourt."

"You will have to obtain my permission now!" she replied, a smile stealing round the corners of her lips. "I allow no idling."

"I promise never to intrude uninvited, if you will be friends with me. Come, now!"—holding out his hand—"I am making a great concession—it is to be peace, is it not?"

"Well! a truce, at any rate," she replied, putting her little hand in his. Alas! at what a moment! Just as Mrs. Despard and Blanche were rolling past up the avenue, reclining at almost full length in their Ithrirous landau.

a moment! Just as Mrs. Despard and Blanche were rolling past up the avenue, reclining at almost full length in their luxurious landau.

"Mamma! did you see that?" cried Blanche, starting into bolt upright position.

"What!" asked her mother, mappishly.

"Rupert and Miss Brown! under the beech tree, hand-in-hand!" she answered, with almost

tree, hand-monity.
tragical solemnity.
"Transcaible!" exclaimed the matron, now thoroughly roused. "Impossible! it must have been Katie! Miss Brown is a singularly well-conducted young person. She never even speaks to Dolly; and that she and Ropert should already have made such strides towards

should already have made such strides towards familiarity is simply preposterous!"
"Well! seeing is believing," said her daughter, acrimoniously. "Look back—who are those people walking across the grass?" she asked, imperiously.
"Bless my soul!" ejaculated her mother with unusual vehemence. "I can hardly believe my eyes. It is Rupert and Miss Brown alone!"

(To be continued.)

STRATEGY.—Children can be easily managed by gentleness. If Susie has a handsome book which you fear she will spoil, do not hurt her self-respect by taking it suddenly from her, but bring a scrapbook and divert her attention to that. Then she resigns the other very pleasantly. Elder sisters and brothers should never be above coaxing the little ones.

NOVELETTE!

MARCHLAYNE.

CHAPTER L

"Oh! fading honours of the dead, Oh! high ambition lowly laid."—Scort.

In the county of Essex stands an old castle. It lies somewhat away from the high road, and therefore is only known to a few who really know the county. It has stood since the reign of King Stephen, and there, with its massive walls and kingly turrets, it bids fair to stand till Doomsday.

It is approached from the village by two

grand avenues of oak trees. Two lodges, like miniature castles, stand as sentinels at each entrance to the park—that beautiful park, with its timber and woodlands; and below, near the river, the cattle and herd of deer, and the swans !

Exceptionally grand and regal looked the old banquet-hall (now the billiard-room); the bright summer sun shone though the stained-glass escutehoons of the various families which had intermarried with the immediate succes-

sive heirs. Beyond stood the little octagonal turret, with its chain-armour and daggers and bayonets arranged fan-like on the walls. Skins of lions and bears lay on the polished caken floor. Al 'twas a sweet, grand old place! fit for the many warriors who were born and bred there through warriors who were born and bred there through successive centuries—grand men in physique, as well as in name and possessions, as the old family portraits on the walls and the size of the breast-plates could testify.

One characteristic distinguished all the por-

the breast-plates could testify.

One characteristic distinguished all the portraits—their intense, deep, yet luminous, half-mischievous, half-merry, dark eye—an eye that no woman could gaze into unmoved. Dark as moonlightshadows and as soft—unless aroused, and then lightning was not more scathing!

The fresh morning air and sun came through the open window, and the door opening on to the grand corridor blew open with the draught and admitted a young lady some nine years old. None of the race evidently, for she was very fair, and though strong and lithe for her years, she was too fairy-like to own a very near relationship with those dark ancestors.

Her long, fair hair was dressed in two plaits resembling Chinese pigtails, and her pinafore was (as yet) innocent of stains or creases. Evidently she was just equipped for the day, and had determined to wander about at her own sweet will till the gong gave warning for family prayers. She advanced to the window and sniffed the sweet, fresh breeze, and then looked over the park right and left. She lingered among the family portraits as though they were alive and friendly with her. She was very fond of that lady with the baby, by Kneller, and she stood still for some moments staring at a young Crusader whose countenance was certainly not likely to pass unremarked anywhere.

"Ah! you should have been my sweet-

was certainly not likely to pass unremarked anywhere.

"Ah! you should have been my sweetheart!" said this somewhat precocious young lady en passant. "Not you!" she continued, addressing the oval portrait of a sallow-faced youth, whose complexion was not improved by a white wig of the time of James the Second, and a white uniform. A stuffed hound was placed at the top of the staircase, and as she passed she stroked it lovingly, and then, jumping down three steps at a time, she crossed the antrance hall and gained the front door.

The yard-dog answered to her call, so did

entrance-hall and gained the front door.

The yatd-dog answered to her call, so did her tumbler pigeons; the cat sat washing her face and paws on the mounting-step of the stable-yard.

Ah! those were happy days! The millenium of childhood! She had yet to learn "how dogs delight to bark and bite," and cats (both quadruped and biped) delight to scratch each other and everything else they come into contact with!

Suddenly came a loud, skrill whistle of a

popular air, and the child pricked up her ears and held her breath. Far across the further park came a horseman, lounging along with flowing rein and whistling to himself for company. Off ran the little lady to meet him. He cantered merrily forward when he saw her; and his broad shoulders and those dark eyes proclaimed him one of the family.

He sprang lightly to the ground, and the little lady poising one foot on the palm of his hand was soon up in his saddle, and settled handly into partition as comfortably as if she

little lady poising one foot on the palm of his hand was soon up in his saddle, and settled herself into position as comfortably as if she had been waiting equipped in habit and tall hat for her side-saddled steed. The horse and she were old friends; besides, it had been hinted by the grooms that the young lady had been seen to decoy the ponies to the fence with sugar and carrots and theff scramble on to their backs. One or two bruised elbows backs. One or two bruised elbows and muddy pinafores bore testimony to her earlier attempts, but those sort of children never seem to hurt themselves.

"You are late, Maurice," said the child;
"get up behind me and we will canter."
"No! take it easy; it's my last morning, and

I want to enjoy myself."

"I am sorry you are going, Maurice. I shall have no chum, and be put to bed at eight. Besides," added the child, with the charming candour of childhood, "I can't kiss money out of the governor."

The wave wave leaded to the childhood of the control of the contr

young man laughed a good wholesome,

The young man associated him her youthful she openly acknowledged him her youthful sweetheart, and certainly evinced every affection for him, and pleasure in his society; but she gave him distinctly to understand that he must pay for her affection both in homage and recket maney.

pocket-money.

They wandered on past the private chapel, and across the rivulet—once a most. The gorg sounded! no chance of getting home in time for prayers, and, on the principle it was as well for prayers, and, on the principle it was as well to be hung for a sheep as a lamb, they reined up by the porch in silence. The child slipped into the dining-room unheard by the family at prayers in the room beyond, and pouncing on several knobs of sugar returned to the horse and kissed it affectionately on the neck and nose. She much appreciated the affection of that old horse, old playmates they were. Prayers over and the horse claimed by a stableman, they entered the dining-room.

CHAPTER II.

SIR GREGORY DE MARCHLAYNE, Baronet, sat in his armchair (several bishops had been en-throned therein) at the head of his table. He bore the unmistakable traits of his race, and was a fine specimen of the good old English squire. He was naturally a recerved and silent man, and he merely looked in the direction of

man, and he mercely looked in the direction of the delinquents as they entered.

"Good morning, uncle!" they said.

He nodded in silence, and both the young appetites found plenty of occupation on the table. Breakfast over the baronet merely

"I shall require you, Maurice, in an hour's time Will he blow you up?" inquired Tot.

Maurice's luminous eyes laughed a reply.
"The governor forgets I am off altogether
in two hours!"

A strange pang shot across Tot's heart. The words seemed to have a sinister meaning—a

sort of grim, prophetic warning.

She cuddled Maurice's curly head close to She caddled Maurice's curly head close to her cheek, and gazed into his sparkling eyes. She was not a naturally affectionate child, and it rather troubled him, in spite of himself. She never looked him in the face again like that; the next time they met the inquiring, clear, calm stare of the child had gone, and she stood with a wary and cold eye, looking on the world as it wagged outside the park gates of Marchlayne Towers.

"Good-bye, Tot! I may not see you before I go if the governor keeps me long." With a

go if the governor keeps me long." With a hasty kiss and an indescribable feeling of pre-

sentiment he placed her back upon the hearth-

sentiment he placed her back upon the hearth-rug, and was gone.

Tot's eyes filled with tears. She always moped when Maurice returned to college; to-day she actually cried. She tried to amuse herself; she gave chicken to the dog; ate a spoonful of honey, and fed her birds; but the tender grace of the day that was dead would not come to her—even her friends, the old nortraits did not seem the same portraits, did not seem the same.

Luckily her governess arrived, and the lessons distracted her thoughts. She had no mother, and her governess was good and well-principled; and, as far as she was able, con-

trolled the wayward child.

Punctual to a moment, Maurice Marchlayne knocked at his uncle's door.

knocked at his uncle's door.
"Come in!" said the Baronet, "and sit
down! I sent for you," he continued, "to
speak to you on a subject which it is necessary
I should discuss with you myself. You are
under the impression that you are my nephew ny heir! You are mistaken; you are my There is no heir to this estate; the race and my heir f son. There is no heir to this estate; the race of Marchlayne is extinct. The property must be sold and divided among the only survivors of the family—two females whom I never saw and whom I never wish to see. I have made and whom I never use to see . I have made a provision for you and that other child out of my savings and life insurances, and now I can die satisfied. My time, I know now, is limited, though I hope to see one more Christ-

Maurice sat mute. He did not even think. The intelligence had been as a wet sponge passed across his intellect and left all written

"Good-bye!" said the old Baronet, with his usual stately calmness; and as he shook hands with the youth he gently pushed him to the door, and left in his hand a letter containing, as usual, his quarter's allowance in advance.

He forgot to say good-bye to the servants who saw him off; he left his hand in that of the old butler, whose curiosity and, truth to tell, affection broke through all bounds. "Surely you have not got into trouble. Mr.

"Surely you have not got into trouble, Mr. Maurice?" he said.

Maurice shook his head. He looked back at the library for Tot's usual tearful farewell, but she was not visible. A prolonged howl was heard, and a slight souffling in among the curtains, therefore she had watched him start.

When he reached the park gates he turned once more and looked back; the tears dimmed his eyes. He could not see to drive, so handing the reins to the groom, he sat like a gigantic fleure of despair in silence and loneliness. figure of despair in silence and loneline "Something was the matter," sa said the

servants, but,-

"Woe to the vassal who durst pry, Into Lord Marmion's privacy!"

CHAPTER III.

SIR GREGORY MARCHLANNE Was denied his wish to see another Christmas. He seemed in his usual health one night, and before morn-ing had ceased to breathe. He wrote to

ing had ceased to breathe. He wrote to Maurice as usual, and none in the house suspected what was coming.

Within a month of his death Tot was transferred to a boarding-school in Germany. The horses, carriages, and all the grand effects of the family were sold in London; and before the Christmas did arrive another family was installed in Marchlayne Towers. The Marchlayne vault was now full, and legally and hermetically sealed till Doomsday.

Maurice lived abroad. But Tot could not remain at the German boarding-school for

Maurice lived abroad. But Tot could not remain at the German boarding-school for ever; and, much as they hated the idea, the two elderly spinsters accepted the temporary charge of her and her money. Tot's birth was a social mistake. Her father was a very old friend of the late Sir Gregory, a capital chum over a cigar and a brandy-and-soda, but a rare pickle from his oradle to his grave. Late in life he fell in love, married a girl without a penny; and when she died, leaving him little Tot, he took to more erratic ways than before;

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and one day, finding himself really dying, he telegraphed to his old friend the Baronet, and besonght him, for "Auld Lang Syne," to get the little girl, then three years old, into some

orphanage or asylum.

"I do not abboribe to any," replied the
Baronet; "but she can come and be with little
Maurice. He complains sometimes he is dull."

And when the father died the child was taken down by the butter and the housekeeper, with the dogs, Persian oat, birds, and plats. Nevertheless, she was placed in no menial grade even shope. She carried as good blood as the Marchleynes, and though Sir Gregory. forebore to boast to his dying friend, he offered no contemptible position and advantages to the little orphan. Maurice was delighted with his compenion and playmate, and that was enough for everybody. When Maurice outgrew the rule of nurses

and tutors the governess was still retained in charge of Tot. Maurice frequently inquired after his little playmats, and invariably met with the same raply, "She is at achool in Germany." Once again he asked the family, lawyer, and that time came the answer, "She is married." After that Maurice inquired no

He was an enthusiastic soldier, and where-ever there was a war the name of Maurice Marchlayne was conspicuous in the newspaper despatches. Rot, prematurely captions and self-contained for her age, watched for the name anxiously and gazed at it tenderly, but she never hinted to mortal ear how familiar was that popular name!

She knew she must marry; but though she She knew she must marry; but shough she had many admirers, none resembled that young Crusader in the billiard-room of Marchlayne Towers. When she did marry it was a very sudden affair, like a suicide or a railway acaident. Sudden marriages are too often like a flash of lightning, of which nobody is hardly aware till we view the wreck in consequence. Weary of the prim control of—weary of the reary busy last on the result of the results as to have nevel one existence.

many hints as to her unwelcome existence from—the two old spinsters. Tot accepted the offer of a young solicitor, who, under the im-pression she had a large fortune, induced her to marry him at once, privately, and release herself from further hondage, and at the same time obliga him by marrying without a set-

His first interview with the Marchlayne family lawyers considerably took the gift off the gingerbreed. Miss Higham's fortune was two thousand pounds when she married in hard cash; as long as she remained single she had an allowance of one hundred pounds a

year.

The bridegroom started back in dismay.

"I understood Miss Higham's fortune from
the late Sir Gregory Marchlayne was a very

handsome one! It was the general rumour! "People generally exaggerate. Rumour is a proverbial liar," returned the lawyer, who now began to see the drift of the young

"Well, it is just this," he said, petrishly.
"I mant draw from my wife's principal until
Lam better established in my profession."

The old lawyer eyed him keenly.
'Your motto is then 'Live; honestly if you

"I am afraid my wife, will find things very different, if that is the case, to what she has a acoustomed.

"Young ladies should look before they leap, and not run headlong into matrimony on their own responsibility."
"Has she no relations to help her?"

"I believe none whatever."
"I had better arrange to draw a hundred or so for immediate emergencies," said the bride-

"You cannot de so. Your wife is a minor!"

"Your instructions forbid it?"

"Theydo, The mahundred pounds a year was only available as long as the remained single; and the two thousand is not payable till size comes of age. She is now—what?"

"A We need not prolong this interview. It have several clients waiting. I am sorry for you both!" Good morning!"

The young man withdrew with a seewling

row and set teeth.

What a fool I have been ! A nice looks out lo Ah, madam, you were a nice social will-o'-the-wisp! Here's a look-out for both of us!"

CHAPTER IV.

A raw months afterwards Tot and her husband were in suburban lodgings. It was a sultry day, and the season was at its height. "Come for a stroll in the park," said the

youthful husband.

"It is so hold!" replied Tot, who lay back in her arm-chair, fauning hersel. "Qh! the old tale! Wherever there is a

woman there is safe to be a bother !"
"A cab up there is rather expensive," said.
Tot, mindful of her husband's morning lectures on economy—as far as her expenditure was concerned, he kept his own daily affairs rather

"Cab! Why walk, or indulge in a twopenny

Tot did not feel inclined to be squeezed in an omnibus; besides, she had now come down to one good dress, and she knew that it would not be improved by contact with muddy boots and tobacco.

"Oh! the usual tale! Never mind, we will sit and enjoy our misery together. Oh! come let us be joyful!" he sang out of the fulness of his rancour.

Tot's face crimsoned.

"Do we indulge in the luxury of a late-dinner to-day?" he inquired, sarcastically.
"The trifle of principal P drew out of the bank is not quite exhausted, only very mearly so. But then Heaven feedeth the sparrows!"

and he kicked over the fender stool.

Tot's heart bled bitterly, but she was a true
Spagtan. Her good old blood stood her in

good stend. Her ancestors had also faced the foe and withstood the siege! She rose and languidty passed into the bed-room. They could only afford two rooms in

the "spartments" they occupied—" his London expenses were so heavy in She dressed her-self in a simple dress and descended to the front door.

"Where are you going?"

"Out!"
She wandered along till she met the tram, and then went atmicesly on into London. She descended, and feeling tired, walked along till she could see the riders in the Row, and there she sat and watched them.

A gentieman stood near, and his bright, almost wickedly merry, eye was caught by the elegant walk and generally aristocratic temmure of his fair neighbour. Tot turned her clear, cold, blue gaves full on his face.

of his fair neighbour. Tot turned her clear, cold, blue eyes full on his face.

And how that eye lit up! Her pale face flushes, and her bitter heart beat. Then the flash faded out and the bitter tear rose, and it was a tough grim fight to force it back. Both glances met, and both came forward to shake hands once more. hands once more.

Maurice Marchlayape was indeed a fine fellow. How dear, how grand, how en-chanting he looked to Tot! Poor Tot, who was so weary of those little smoking, drinking, chaffing imps of the City!

"Tot!" he exclaimed. "But I suppose I

must not call you that now !"

Tot was silent.

To was silent.

To bear her present name was now doubly pain and grief to her. It seemed like the funeral knelf to the past—the certificate of divorce between her and her beautiful past.

Maurice's world experienced eye scanned her well. In her face trouble and pain fought hard with her natural pride. Her dress was even shabby, though elegantly made.

"Something was wrong in that marriage!

"Something was wrong in that marriage!
-very wrong," he could see,
-the could see, without telling, that poor Tot's

lot in life was cast in bitter we

But how could be help her now? That was the task allotted to another.
"How pleased I am to meet you again!"
he said, as he retained her hand.

he said, as he retained her hand.

How protecting and comforting seemed his tall, broad form bending over her.

Her upward glance told him a tale far better left untold for both.

She was turning whiter and whiter, and that revealed another tale of prospective trouble. For what harder task is there for a woman than to rear children for a man she hates and despises, and who in return throws. woman than to rear children for a man she-hates and despises, and who in return throws the whole burden of anxiety and responsibility on her shoulders without the authority? With a half-affectionate, half-respectful air, he reseated her in her chair, and ignoring her

pallor, made a few lively, common-place re-

"I may come and see you, may I not?" he id. "I hope to be introduced to your hus-

Tot started as she beheld the clock on the

She knew that if she were not in to a moment that her husband would make it the excuse to be off into London, and to return very late in a hansom, and require the assistance of the cabman upstairs,

"Let me put you into a cab," said Maurice; and he hailed a cab, and sattled her therein. He baile her adieu with a thoughtful brow, and muttared to himself, as he wandered back to the Row, "Sad, sad, very sad!" Fairly out of sight Totburied her face in her hands and wept bitterly.

CHAPTER V.

Tor's husband was that domestic misfortune

- an only son.

His father, a keen old lawyer, had married late in life, and both himself and his wife had done their best to spoll a naturally unamiable

The old lawyer did not live long enough to reap the reward of his felly; but his widow, having carefully sowed the whirlwind, was

having carefully sowed the whirtwind, was left fully to epocy the storm.

Young Frederick Steele was a perfect young imp at school, and still worse at college; but so well and readily did his mother come down with her "hush-money" and axcuses, that few of his misdeeds ever came to light; and at home he was simply master.

He talked well, and mixed in very jovial society—more jovial sometimes than his good mother, who was a strict Churchwoman, was aware of—and as he chose to dress and go wherever he could get invited in right good atyle on his mother's or borrowed money, he passed in their own set for a good fellow, and a fairly "good catch" for the young ladies. ladies.

But even mothers weary of signing cheques, and she at last suggested he should marry— an heiress, of course! He fixed upon Tot, trading on the report of the Marchlayne fortune, with what result we

Tot returned home. She dismissed the cab before she got to her own door. Husbands, who require cabs at night, cannot afford them for their wives by day.

Weary, and, in feminine parlance, "upset," she went to her bedroom, and in putting away her gloves, also came across her layette. She

her gloves, alle came across her layette. She gazed at iv long and sadly.

"Ah! how different it might have been to the love you even now!" has said, kipsing the tiny garments. "And yet I pray you may never see light! Far—far better for us both if it is the beginning and end together. Little you will thank me for your existence, little he will thank me for your existence, little he will thank me for your and," she added; "I would see you in your tiny coffin sooner than like him!"

1. Why don't you come to this 'feast of roses.

"Why don't you come to this 'feast of roses' and mutton fat?' called Mr. Frederick Steele

from the outer room.

Finding she did not come he opened the door, and caught sight of the baby-linen.

"Put all that out of sight, for Heaven's sake!" he said, turning his back upon her with a make-believe shudder. "We shall get enough of all that by-and-bye."

Tos seemed weary, and lay down by the bed-

side.

"Begin without mo," she said.
"Here, I want to look up Markby; take it easy till I come back." And she heard the

front door bang. She dozed for some hours, and then a woke

feeling worse.

Late into the night Mr. Steele returned, and being unhered by the landlady into the front room, accepted the hint to remain there, with

sleepy good nature.

Early in the morning Tot saw a bundle laid on the drawers, and inquired why it was placed

"Don't fret, my dear," said the landlady. "It is such a mited".
"It is such a mited".
"Is it dead?" inquired Tot.
"Yes, my dear."
"Thank Heaven!

She rallied; and one afternoon heard Maurice's voice inquire for her.

"Tell Mr. Marchlsyne to come up!" she called through the open deer; and, rather to the surprise of the landlady and nurse, she went out to receive him.

CHAPTER VI.

"Why, you look chaming!" said Maurice.
"HI remember aright, I only saw the name in the paper about a fortnight ago."
If she was charming to him, he certainly acted like a wonderful charm to her. He was as fascinating in the drawing-room ta he was bold and fatal in the bettlefield. He has been. Garibaldi's protégé and Maximilian's champion in Mesrice. His name was well-known in the France Prussian War; and nearer homeit found its echo in Bell's Life and the Field.
"Let me look at you!" said Tot, holding him at arm's length, but with both hands, firmly.

firmly. Yes! there was Maurice, and there was

Yes! there was Maurice, and there was Tot, once more!
There are moments in the lives of all of us when our reason reels and nature nobels boyond the control of the spirit; when we turn at bay on our hard fate, and deliberately charge Providence with injustice!
Maurice better read in the world's dictionary of nature—saw the girl and took the initiative.
"Sit down." he said, with a chilling calm-

"Sit down," he said, with a chilling calm-ess. Tot started, recalled to her present life abaghed

Abashed.

He proceeded coulty and resolutely. Military discipline had come to bis sid. He had shoot upmoved 'mid shot and siell. He must remain a status of propriety here! This was a fortress he was to brivened—not to storm.

"Mr. Steele in out," stummered Tot, anking into the seat he offered.

"I trust he will return before I leave."

"And now, when may I long to be introduced to his representative?"

"Never! I hope," said Tot, with alarming energy. "Thank Heaven! it never breathed."

Maurice sat aghast. He lancied poverty might have brought its disadvantages. He never dreamed of this.

"Tot!" said he, softly. "That is not a proper way for you to feeld."

"I caused to feel when I left Marchlayne

"I ceased to feel when I left Marchlayne Towersh There was nothing to feel after that?" she added, sereely "Nothing to feel a You, who are passing through that two most sacred and touching through the two most secred and touching episodes of a woman's life wifehood-motherhood!"

She shook her head sadly.
"But did you learn those bitter feelings there? Shot

"Have you ever seen the old place since since then?"

"Yes-once,"
"Long ago?" "Since I married. I went and sat on a gate, from which I could see the tur rets."
"And did it teach you no other lesson than

this?

"Yes; it taught me to frame my past, present, and future feelings into one col-

Maurice was aghast. He knew her to be a violent, headstrong child. He knew her now to be a desperate woman. Gladly would he have put out his strong hand to hold her back from worse, but he knew the world and him-self too well to dare the venture. He kept a

self too well to dare the venture. He kept a soft, firm hold on her hot beating palse.

"You are heated and excited," said he, in the voice he assumed when directing his menwith regard to a forlorn hope, or informing them the supplies were out off by the enemy.

"Who is your deerest friend?"

"Nobody! Nebody!"

"Are you so quarrelsome?"

"No!" said Tet; "but, unless I can take up my proper position in society, I would rather remain as I am—in oblivion. I do not cate to run from pillar to post, like a dog in a fair, among these second-rate suburbanites."

fair, among these second-rate suburbanites,"
"You are wrong!" said Maurice, gently.
"Have you forgotten all about doing your duty
in that assis of life unto which it has pleased
Heaven to call you?"
"I don't consider it my duty to eat humble,

pie to my inferiors."
"Eat humble-pie! Tot? What do you mean?" inquired Maurice in his foreign igno-

"Ignorance and impudence are inseparable mpanions!" retorted Tot.

companions!" ne a latch-key inserted and a banging of

Tot started and shivered, her hand slightly clutching the arm of the chair. Manrice looked reund and rese to welcome Mr. Frederick Steele.

Young Steele had always considered the Manchlaynes ought to have done something for him when he married Tot, and therefore he looked rather sour.

"Oh!" he said to Tot; "you have emerged, have you?"

have you?

"I hope Mrs. Steele will not feel any illeffects from her 'emerging' into the next. room;" said Maurice.
"Oh, dear no," replied her husband; "she amuses herself with her health, but she never

Marrise made no reply. He took his hat, and after giving Mr. Frederick Steele one-prolonged glance from head to heel, he bade Tot adieu.

"Ah!" he sighed, as he wandered through the crowded suburban street, "I have been a successful man hitherto—but I shall never realise my one wish on earth! To see her there by my side again!"

CHAPTER VIL

Maurica stopped at the top of the mews where he had his horses, and for no particular reason entered it. The grooms were out, and he lifted the latch of his loose-boxes and entered

The horses greeted him with their usual trerulous neigh; and he turned to one in particu-lar, which laid its eatin nose in the palm of his hand. He loved that horse more than all the others put together. It had been his hunfer in boy hood—his charger in manhood. It had carried Tot and him on one saddle, and been the one on which he had seen her last, on that eventone on which are that contract event-ful and distressful morning. He stood lost in deep thought: the stable wall had vanished, and he saw Marchlayne Towers and its broad acres, and splendid timber—he heard Tot's voice and saw her slight firm figure, undulating with the motion of the horse, but close as war to her saddle.

"Beg pardon, air," said the groom, who had ood some moments awaiting orders, and who

was somewhat puzzled at his master's immobility, "but I was only talking at the end of the yard there. They tell of another war the

papers say."
The man had been Manrice's soldier-servant, and the thought of another campaign interested him deeply. He considered it an honour and a distinction to serve his master, and he hoped some day to rise in the social grade himself; when he contemplated his master's medals and orders he quite considered they reflected on

"I shall not require the horses to-day," said Maurice absently.

The man took the hint and withdrew.

Maurice still thought on. His gravd physique stood out in bold relief as he leant on the horse, as he had done many a time before when the battle was over. His thick, inky black moustache, and intense black eyes intensitying the clear clive tint of his skin, bronzed though

the clear clive tint of his skin, bronzed though it was by foreign sunshine.

"Battles wen, and battles lost! bleeding wounds abroad and bleeding hearts at home! I, who have successfully tackled generals, princes, and regiments, am now helpless against that contemptible prig in a lodging in a side street of a London suburb! In him I need not shall support the helds my a side street of a London suburb! In him I meet my fate, my conqueror! He holds my

darking, my hope of years, my happiness, the end and aim of my life."

The idea of another campaign stirred him desply, but now he seemed tied to England. Left to herself, what might she not suffer? what might not she do? And yet to remain was to place both in dangerous contact, and perhaps make bad worse. He had long ceased perhaps make bad worse. He had long to feel that he only bore the name of layne by courtesy and from force of habit. He had made that name honourable and distin-guished far and wide. He had often heard it hinted that the baronetcy might be restored to him, in recognition of his services; and then he beheld in a dream that there was again a baronet in Marchleyne Towers, and that the past would die away, and things once more

But now that dream was hazy—confused. If he bought back Marchiavne Towers he could not live there alone! And why keep up a grand

not live there alone! And why keep up a grand country house to be empty whenever political disturbances called away its bachelor owner? Some day, of course, he hoped to marry; and he had been a great favourite with the ladies. He turned over the list of ladylovas in his mind. No, none were the future Lady Marchlapne! Anyhow, he would go and see the dear old place again. He had never been there since that day he learnt he was no longer the heir. He heaved Sir Gregory to buy him a commis-He begged Sir Gregory to buy him a commission; and he left with his regiment forthwith.

When ordered home he quitted it, and volunteered in the various wars which were raging far and wide through the world during those

few years.
Suddenly the stable clock struck the hour, and he remembered he had to dine at a public. dinner, and speak afterwards. Marchlague Towers disappeared, and stable walls stood before him once more.

CHAPTER VIII.

WHEN the Steele family found "Mrs. Freda-' did not bring either the money or the prestige they anticipated, they felt it their duty to bring her to their own level.

They made a point of calling at ten olclock

in the morning to see if she lay late in bed; and of going to church to see what she wore, and inquire into what she had done and where she had been during the week. In second-rate families the bride is always considered public property; and wee to the pear young wife whose has band does not back her up!

Mr. Frederick Steele had been master of his mother's house, and the servant had to cook whatever he required at whatever time he might require it. The landlady, who had, several others in the house, objected to this mode of proceeding. Then Tot occasionally, took refuge in timed meats.

he of

About ten o'clock one night Mr. Frederick arrived home with his hair on end and not over steady in his gait. He are tinned meats at his mother's, and enjoyed them upon occa-aion; but mothers hold the purse-strings and the wives do not.

"Here," said he, "tell old Mother Hubbard, or whatever her name is, that she must cook me something when I come home!"

"Tell her so yourself!" replied Tot; "and if you accompanied it with a cheque for the rent, perhaps she might appreciate the request a little more!

"You will have to raise that!" returned the husband d. "Sell those gew gaws in that room You move in no society. They are of there. You me no use to you,"

"I shall do nothing of the sort!" said Tot, who venerated anything from Marchlayne like a domestic god.

"Here, ring the bell, anyhow, and tell them to give that to the cats on the roof. I am off to my mother's to get something to eat!" and he walked off, leaving the door wide-open and the kuife and fork stuck bolt upright in the

bone of contention.

Tot, hungry herself, saw in her own mind the
Marchlayne joints and the Marchlayne man-

"Cad!" she said, looking after him fleroely

A tap at the door, and then the landlady,
"I'll thank you to tell your gentleman not to
bang my front door like that, for as long as
you may be thinking of staying !"

Tot made no reply, and the woman with-drew. She liked and pitied Mrs. Steele, but she considered her as no better then herself, and not so good as the people in the drawing-room floor; besides, if one is short of cash it makes the best of us irritable.

CHAPTER IX.

MAURICE once more at Marchlayne. The new owners were good plain north-country people. They were quite as content with the Marchlayne ancestors as if they were their

They wanted a good old country place and antique fittings and belongings, and they had it; and left things as they found them.

The gentleman and his wife received him

plainly and civilly.
"Go where you like!" said the hostess.
"We dine at two o'clock! We shall not wait for you, but we shall be pleased to see you," and

where in the domestic regions.

Maurice walked through the old rooms; the pictures seemed to smile at him as he passed.

The sun shone on the old stuffed dog seyes, and they seemed to sparkle at him as he approached. He walked along the terrace and saw Tot's seat—an old mortar shell in the grass and over-grown with moss; beyond, on a hillock, the harmless statue of Hercules on its ivy-covered pedestal and plinth. Along the old wall were the rings to which

in olden times were attached the chains of the prisoners or the bridles of the horses.

The tears rose to his eyes-had it come to The last of that race of warriors standing in the heyday of health and manhood "to weep like a woman over what he could not defend like a man!" Ah! his was not the only case. Like the unfortunate El Chico, he had "resisted map, but was obliged to resign to

Heaven."

One thing rose in his mind, it had laid dormant there for many years, but it had never taken a definite shape—"Marchlayne's title foo;" and then he thought of his little playmate, and this time the tears rose and fell."

Two o'clock struck, and be thought it might look wanting in courtesy to his host and hostess did he ignore the invitation to luncheon though somewhat inelegantly worded, and he turned back to the house.

After lunch he thanked his host and begged one favour.

"Might I take a few flowers from here somebody who I know would prize them?"
"Certainly! would you not like a hamper
of vegetables? They are better worth the car-

"Thank you, no!"
He selected a few flowers, and took them

home and placed them in water. He had often presented ladies with bouquets—but not of Marchlayne flowers.

The next day Maurice bought a bijou of a basket—a delicate toy of Venetian glass and chased silver—and arranging the flowers in it,

chased silver—and arranging the flowers in it, he carried its afely down in a hansom.

Tot was delighted; she kissed the flowers one by one, and then, forgetting her present self and remembering only the flowers and the good old times gone by, she sat on a toy-chair gazing up at his face, looking once more like herself—for Mrs. Frederick Steele was a very different person from "Tot."

He told her all about Marchlayne, how everything was yet in its place. He told how the pictures seemed to remember him, and how the old dog, though moth-eaten, was still there.

the old dog, though moth-eaten, was still there.

Tot hung on his every word as those who
have loved and lost would listen to a message from above in the well-known voice. The sullen fire had died out of her eyes, the lip no longer curled in scorn or resentment, the listsness had left her manner. She was looking lessness had let her manner. She was looking at one of those dissolving views we see sometimes in our life, and then they die out and leave us the blank wall again? Maurice, as deeply interested in it as herself, forgot the danger, his stern resolutions, his unselfish and

platonic arguments.
Suddenly Tot's feelings came to a climax. The tears rushed in torrents from her eyes, and clasping his arm with both her hands, she sobbed upon his shoulder.

He tried to disentangle himself, but she held him fast. Well-versed in the various moods and passions of the fair sex, he allowed her to remain undisturbed till the paroxysm had sub-sided; and then summoning all his courage and determination he stood upright, carefully guiding her head to the cushioned-arm of the

"I am so miserable," she sobbed: "I am so incompetent to deal with the circumstances in which I am placed. Maurice, dear Maurice, do help me!"

Maurice had stood unmoved before many a fee with cheek unblanched and steady nerve; but now he felt a heart sinking and trembling he had never known before.

Yes! he could and would help her! He would stretch out a strong hand to guide her back to the right path. He had the stern and immediate sense of duty which had made him so fine a soldier. He must be strong for both.

"Here you are, placed by Providence, and here you must remain! I fear to improve matters lies entirely in your hands. It is no use to rattle the handoulfs you cannot shake

Tot raised her head and listened; stung to the heart! Abashed and heart-broken, and despairing, she offered him her hand in token of a silent farewell.

"That is all he cares for my suffering! that prosperous happy man!" she cried, in the pitterness of her heart.

If she could have seen his face as he went away perhaps she might have been comforted in the idea that perhaps he did care a little for her premature sufferings, and that perhaps he was not quite so prosperous in everything he undertook.

CHAPTER X.

- "How the world wags," said a young swell at the club.
 - "What is the news?" inquired another.
- "Two names I know in the paper to-day!"
 "Born, married, or dead?"
 "Neither one nor the other! Look here.
 The Queen has been pleased to confer the

honour of baronetcy on Maurice Marchlayne, Esq., of the County of Essex, in recognition of his many gallant services, &c.; and here is a divorce case with another of the same family; at least the lady is the girl old Marchlayne adopted, 'Steele v. Steele;' a shocking little blackguard Steele turned out to be. I see now she is giving him a canter through Westminster

"By Jove!" rejoined his friend, who was

not a young man of strong intellect.
Yes, it had come to that, and Mr. and Mrs.
Frederick Steele were going to fight their final
duel in public. It was down for hearing that

due! in public. As was down for a considering and set teeth, walked side by side with the Marchlayne lawyer. She had to wait till another happy pair set down on the list for the first hearing had been disposed of. Weary of waiting she drew off her glove and showed she had no wedding-ring.

"You took that off somewhat prematurely, said the lawyer, smiling. "Yes!" said Tot, "but I have it here, and she showed a little three-cornered note in her

The case proceeded. Everybody blackened everybody. Dates got lost and mixed; but, "be the day weary or ever so long, at length it ringeth to evensong!" and so at last the judge pronounced the decree—"Decree nisi!"

"Allow me to congratulate you," said the

lawyer.

"Kindly give that to Mr. Steele," said Tot to the usher of the court.

He did so; in the hurry of hurrying out the witnesses, forgetting he was doing a somewhat illegal thing.

Fred opened the little cornered note. It contained a wedding-ring and these simple words,—"The owner having no further use for it!"

And that was the last shaft that Tot ever

And that was the last shaft that Tot ever threw at him. With head in the air and sweeping train she passed out of his life and once more stood free. Yes, free! but alone! At one and twenty years of age she had fought her way through the Divorce Court.

Sir Maurice Marchlayne now returned home. He was besieged by invitations from downgers, match making mothers, spinsters old and young, girls in their teens, people with begging letters, prospectuses of hospitals, mining companies and theatres, house agents, tradespeople—one and all seemed to rush with one consent to his chambers in St. James's-street. "I shall see if Marchlayne is likely to be in the market;" he said to his dog, confidentially one morning: "that is the place for you and me, doggie!"

He sounded the lawyer on the subject. The

me, doggie!"
He sounded the lawyer on the subject. The present occupants of Marchlayne were in difficulties, and no doubt could be persuaded to sell it again. The old gentleman feit old age creeping on him very fast. The old lady could not find husbands for her daughters in Essex, and therefore they would not remain in Essex should their father die. It was a very expensive place to keep up properly, according to the ideas of the old cotton-mill owner. Altogether he had no doubt he could regain the place should he be prepared to pay the requisite place should be be prepared to pay the requisite sum. Maurice was prepared; and so the old place was redeemed.

place was redeemed.

Now for a wife. Everybody knew of some suitable lady, but Maurice "was hard to please," said the world; "possibly some foreign marriage! crossed in love! a iming at some rather high at court."

Maurice waited six months, and then he went to the family lawyer, and thence to a country address he received there. In a simple check suit and country wide-awake hat, the great Sir Maurice jumped into the train at Waterloo and steamed down to a little country village.

He walked along the beautiful avenue of sees to the end of the lane, and then hesitated which way to take. He did not heatate long. Sitting on a distant gate was Tot, her clear profile, and bright, blue cambric dress making a pretty picture against the yellow green of

the trees and shrubs beyond. Laying one hand on the gate he vaulted over, and she saw

The scarlet blood rushed into her face. Her heart stopped beating for a moment, and went off again with a rush, which nearly suffocated

her.
Gladly would she have run to meet him, and have jumped into his arms as she did when he come home for the holidays; but then came a chill, the remembrance of their last parting, and the remembrance, too, of the fact that there was to be a little transaction business bethere was to be a little transaction business be-tween them—to wit, the two thousand pounds to be paid to her when she came of age. So she simply retained her seat on the gate. He stood still a few paces off, and looked at her intently, his splendid dark eyes alternately melting and sparkling lovingly and mischiev-

ously.

He, too, remembered how she would run and spring towards him in those childish days, and therefore he stood as he used to do then, with his arms extended to receive her.

With one bound she was there! She was a

and she held herself proudly up, so that she looked tall even by the side of him, fine fellow that he was! Her simple dress gave her the appearance still of mere girlhood, and showed off her fine figure and slender waist,

That fierce, sullen expression was gone now. Her mouth now truly "looked made for kissing, not for scorn," and her eyes sparkled like blue water in sunshine.

Reseating herself upon the gate, Maurice stood close beside her. It took very little time to settle both matters of business very satis-

"Time presses!" said Sir Maurice; " and we have a journey before us, and something to do after that!"

"Oh !" said Tot, clinging to him, "how I shall miss you again!"
"You shall not miss me, darling! you are

coming with me!"

"Home! Tot looked puzzled. Maurice drew out his

watch.
"Time presses!" he said, smiling.
"Here," he said, "is the necessary despatch
te send on your property. Here is your railway ticket, as I thought it might be a run for
the train; and here is a little present for you,
but I shall not give that to you until we arrive
in London," and he drew from his waistcoat

pecket a massive wedding ring.
She took it and read the inscription engraved inside, "Yna Marchlayne," and the

date of that day.

"But ordinarily they don't marry people after twelve o'clock, and it must be nearly that now.

We shall not be married ordinarily; we "We shall not be married ordinarily; we shall be married by special license."
"In this dress?" inquired Tot.
"I marry yourself, not your dress! Have you any more urgent objection?"
Tot had not; so delivering the letter with a

shilling to a cowboy, they started for London.

"My line of march has been carefully planned for some months. I shall give you some luncheon, and then you have another journey to go!"

"Another journey?"

"Yes!"

"Yes!"
"To where?"
"Home!" he repeated, smiling.
Tot understood now. They were married by special license in London; and then, seated hand-in-hand, they were whirled away to Essex, and began their reunited lives in the old home they had loved so well.

THE END.

Eveny question asked by a child's mind is a reaching out towards the soul of things; and every question rightly answered and every law understood atimulates the growth of the child's mind towards the world that lies around it.

PUT TO THE PROOF.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE Professor heaved a deep sigh, then gazing into the impassioned face before him, said, in a dreamy far-away voice: "You are not heart-broken, as I dreaded you would be, by this desertion, for I foresaw it long since, by my brother's silence; foresaw it, and made it worth his while to wed you, by making him the gainer by marriage with you of all my hard-earned savings." hard-earned savings,"

"Oh isir, do you think so poorly of me as to bribe a man to take me? Am I so little in your sight, that you could only think me worth wedding for what wealth I could bestow? thought you cared for me a little; you have called me sister, and have often talked with me as with a kindred soul. Sir, I am rebuked. me as with a kindred soul. Sir, I am reduked. I have presumed to imagine myself more valued than I deserve. Forgive me, and try to forget my presumption."

"Margaret, you wrong me, you wrong yourself. Listen! When I brought you here, and

put you under Aunt Hester's care, I thought you one wronged only by report; and when my brother confessed the slander against you, had been set afloat in pique, and was only vain boasting, I telt relieved to find you the pure unspotted girl you seemed, and I insisted that he should make you what reparation lay in his power. Then he left us to follow his own evil he should make you what reparation lay in his power. Then he left us to follow his own evil courses; and, seeing you so sweet, so pure, so serviceable, I wondered if I had done well. Then as time went on, and I saw the noble nature wake in you and find relief in unselfish tasks of womanly charity—when I saw you among my poor, teaching the great lesson of eternal life by love alone—I saw in you a woman after my own heart, a woman worthy to become the mother of angels; and a passionate longing arose in my heart, that I had been the one to win your priceless love. Honour held my love in check, for you were promised to my brother, and in a dependent position in my home—a position that hurt none but me, for it prevented my believing any interest you showed in me or my work—brought about by anything but gratitude. I am so old for my years, so little likely to attract the regard of youth; yet, my dearest, I have loved you as a man loves only once in life. Ah! how I have longed to take you to my heart, and claim you as my own, the helpmeet sent by Heaven! I have fought with temptation as with an evil spirit. I have worn out heart and life by a permetral struggle between love and honour. spirit. I have worn out heart and life by a perpetual struggle between love and honour; I shift the burden from my shoulders, and lay it upon yours. Daisy, dearest, Herman has released you by his deceit. Is there any hope for me? Nay, do not turn away your for me? Nay, do not turn away your 'tis as fair as a rose in June, and there is a look in your eyes as though you saw sun-shine already. Speak to me, dear child, I am waiting!"

For answer, Daisy stooped her head and caressed his thin, white hands, with her fresh,

"Answer me!" he said, in a tone of command.

Then she took courage and said, "Carl. I give myself to you with great gladness, for your love is the lode star of my life, where it leads me, I must follow."

"Heaven grant, my dear one, that it may

He gathered her close to his glad heart, and, for the first time, his lips lingered on hers as a lover's. Then he said, "No more unequal struggles between love and honour—no more struggles between love and honor—no more barren days and sleepless nights; for in you, my own dear love, my wife, I hold the sum of all my earthly desires. May God bless our love, we have laboured together in His name; now we will live together in His sight, and seek to sanctify marriage, as the holy thing Heaven

meant it to be."

"Are you happy, my Daisy?" he asked presently, when they had been silent some

She lifted her radiant eyes to his, and said softly, "After giving me your precious love, dare you ask such a stupid question? Oh! Carl, kiss me again, and tell me I am not dreaming, for I have dreamed of Heaven before to-day!

That night Mark sat in a pleasant parlour, his host, the real Carl Gonther, beside whom the player seemed very base metal indeed. They spoke under their breath, for an old lady, in a quaint mob cap, dozed by the fire, and Daisy, in a soft white dress; hugged her knees on the fur rug, and saw visions in the fire

glow.
"I put myself entirely in you hands, Mr.
Frost. I will do anything you wish to help to
restore your bride to your arms! Poor girl! I pity her, for she has shown a noble spirit of self-sacrifice that deserves reward !

"Then you will come to England with me, and confront him, and, if it will not wound her

too much, bring your ward?"
"I will question her as to her opinion in the matter, and let you know to morrow. I must diamiss you early, for I have a task to finish. I am writing a full account of the whole affair, from my own point of view, to that poor, mis-guided fellow, Percy. In it I advise him to stay on at his sheep-farm till he has saved sufficient to restore Paget Naze to its former splendour; then return, claim his own, and end his days peacefully in the home of his birth. The poor fellow has suffered greatly; but out of evil cometh good-his misfortunes have put his friends to the proof, they have not been found false coin. The trial was hard, but the reward great. He ought to love his wife dearly."

"I believe he does. Hero is a good, true-hearted girl—a wife to be proud of. I wonder how they will get on in their new home. Well, your letter will be a great relief to both; it must be awful to live under a ban. Will your ward sing something for us? Her voice is so sweet in speaking, I am sure she can sing." Without a word Daisy, who had heard the request, rose and opened a cottage piano, and after a few soft chords sang, in a bird-like voice an old-world ballad. Mark could re-member hearing his dead mother sing it when he was a boy. The words went to his heart, the music circled round his soul, waking sweet

he was a boy. The words went to his heart, the music circled round his soul, waking sweet memories of a peaceful home, long since left desolate because of the bright spirit that had gone to swell the wings of Heaven.

When the song was ended Mark went away, taking with him a praceful picture of a happy home, and two people who stood hand in hand, the light of love upon their faces, and only friendliness for him in their eyes, though he had borne them evil tidings of one who had

strayed away from the path of pleasantness.

When Mark left them the young people were silent, each thinking of the past. Presently Daisy roused herself, and said,— "I want to see you begin that letter, Carl; you are in such an idle, dreamy mood to-night, I cannot trust you to do anything. If I were to leave you now, you would sit half the night staring at that bunch of spring blossoms, let

staring at that bunch of spring blossoms, let the fire out, and get chilled to the heart!"

"My darling, there is only one thing that can chill my heart now I have your love, and that would be your loss."

"Carl, death alone can rob you of you poor, unworthy little girl! Come, see your desk is

open, the paper spread, nothing remains to make the letter complete but the writing; sit down and begin at once. See! I will guide

Daisy leant over him, her soft cheek touching his, her luxuriant hair falling against his hand. He looked up and said, resting his face

Hester, rousing up lazily. "Is it possible that beer bibbing Englishman has tempted you to drink more than is good for you, Carl?"

A merry laugh greeted this speech, and Carl took the old lady into his confidence. When

the story was ended she turned sharply upon Dajey and said,—
"Margaret, I hope you are grateful for the

master's goodness to you."

"Hush, sunt!" said Carl, pained. But Daisy
only twined her arms about his neck, and said,
with a loving smile, "I am grateful, I am
preud, I am glad, and heshall be my master as

"Very proper sentiment, Carl. You must not take her to England, some of those womens' rights madfolk may get hold of her; her creed may become the equality of sexes, she may learn the Women's Property Act by heart, and never be worth a fig to any on afterwards

"Nonsense, auntis. You forget I have no property; and as to being my master's equal, I ask you, who can equal the Professor?"

"Ally dear, you must not flatter him; a vain man is a social pest."
"What may I do, auutie?"

"Hold your tongue, fill the Professor's pipe, and hurry off to bed."

All of which Daisy did, and was well re-warded by her lover's loud approving glance.

Back again in England, the day of Lady Lexton's ball. Time has sped profitably with many of our party. Hex and Bab were greater chums than ever; he was her escort out town; and in his lazy way exerted him self to be agreeable to her, for he found in her a bon camarade-a woman who had no nonsense about her, heeded no flattery, and was content

with the scantiest attention.
"That's the best of your plain women," he thought, "they are not exacting like the beauties; and, better skill, they have more brains." Then he looked at a bald patch on his crown; and told himself marriage meant a comfortable home, someone to rely upon for aympathy in all things; and he confessed to feeling slightly knocking about at his clubs, and often feeling like a wanderer on the face of the earth

-one without home or habitation. The Bector, too, had begun to think there was a sesson for all things, and among others a sesson to revive old love-dreams; but as yet he was uncertain bow his old sweetheart wou receive his suit. Though she was the most for-giving of weman, he knew there are things which no women can forgive. He had conwhich he was for the ball, and even sandtion it by his plous presence, stipulating only that he should wear his assal elected attire; and he felt not a little diagneted when Rex suggested that his jolly looks would make people believe it a oleverly-conceived disguise.

The night of the ball arrived, the sky was without cloud, a crescent moon posed, like a bird in its flight, on the deep aware of the heavens; stars pearled about it like the lesser

lights about a threne. The ball-room was in one of the most fashionable hotels; the decorations delightful, the walls being hung with pale green tapestry; statues holding up coloured globes of electric light before backgrounds of palms and ferns; rippling fountains of perfumed water cooled the sir, and made a malodious sound.

Lord and Lady Lexton received the guests in an ante-chamber—a place all blue and gold A p;ramid of lilies stood behind Lady Lex ton who had changed her mind at the last, and wore the snowy sating and pearls of "Fair Gabrielie D'Estrées; and Lord Lexton had taken the

They looked a noble pair as, with gracious smile and words, they received their distinguished guests.

Vashtina "Gretchen" looked lovely, her long wavy hair falling below her knees in greet thick plaits; her face was radiant, for at the last moment she had received a telegram) from Mark, saying he should be among the guests as Maphistopheles, and that he intended to bring two friends with him. He asked her to him in the reception room during the last dance before supper, and to be accom-panied by Major Paget, Mr. Gouther, and, if possible, her mother. "As the clock strikes

two, be there," he said, "for at that time the supposed Carl Gonther will be dnmasked."

The supposed Carl Gonther! How the words haunted her; what did it all mean? She longed, yet dreaded, for the hour to come, and prayed fervently that it might bring her freedom. She had written, telling Mark how she intended to be dreased, also what Carl and the Major would wear.

Major would wear.
Level Lexton, who, as yet, had not relaxed in his rigid display of cold displasure to wards this aspidaughter, frowned as he saw her, with Mr. Conther, who was tooking like an old picture, his respleadent dress contrasting well with the simple garb of the peachtight.

Vashti carried a beautiful bouguet of large marguerites. Some nestled starlike over her shell like ear, without were linked into the volvet bodice of her dress. People doubtd at the totely girl in the tiny sulvet mask, and the radiant Fanat beside her, and thought they seemed very good driends, for he was confidentially reciting a poem of Henri of Navarre, that was recalled by hady lexten's castume. His voice was sweetly impassioned, as he leant His voice was sweetly impassioned, as he leant over her repeating,-

They say that the stars which are admining above, Can bell of man's stars, can bell of man's love; But I ask not the love; that is, says in the sides, So long as I rest of thine heart in thine syre.

Ah! give me one moment that little while hand, It's least wave commandeth, where'er I command; Oh! fair me the lilies of fourbon's pressi land, But they are not so fine as this while hand of chine.

"The trumpet soon summens the sublices from rest, He has larked white to gaze on the face he loves hee My foot in my stirrup; my hand on my swent. I must live on a look, I must woo with a word.

My idel, farewell! But, ah! give me to wear One curl from thy ringlets of long golden hai It will cheer me when lonely, will lead use in An its death will be found asout the heart of N.

"By Jove, Gonther! you can quote poetry by the yard." said the Major, coming up to them with an electric star fixed in his hat.

them with an electric star fixed in his hat.

"Please to bring your sponting to an end—this is my dance with my cousin."

Gonther nodded and lounged away, ogling a young counters, who came as Undrae in a clinging robe of sea-green and water-lilies; under the gauzy folds of her dress her neck and arms showed daringly; the bodice of her dress looked like a lot of rushes stacked together.

Green grow the rushes O ! " said Conther, laying a hand upon her arm, and continuing in his soft, instructing voice, "Come with me, thou whose soul stumbereth till the voice of love

thou whose soul stumbers in the voice of love shall wake it. I am the Prince of Perpetual Youth, my step is light as air, and will match yours to perfection. Let me have this waltz." The lady langhed, and handing him her programme, allowed him to lead her into the ballroom. As they entered, they passed a man in clerical cost, and beside him stood a place little lady as an Absent Sheld the plump little lady as an Abbess. She held the gentleman's arm, and as he passed Conther said, quietly, to her,—

"The hely eva quiet as a nun, Breathless with adoration."

Miss Gilbert started, and said .-

"That was Mr. Genther's voice, I wouder what he meant? unless 'twas that my life is at eventide, and I, like a nun, breathless with adoration of one I loved in youth !"

"My dearest, what matter what he mean so that we mean to be happy? If fee so jolly, I believe I could dance; we'll see presently. I see Barbara is footing it as lightly as any

Bab was dressed as Dinns in green velvet, only, unlike the classic goddess, she did not allow her shapely lower limbs to protrude beyond her skirts. Her arms and should were bare, and they showed that if her face was plain she had other basels beside those of mind and heart. The Major always said the shoulders did it; at anylrate, he proposed and was accepted after their vary first chance together. Poor Bab, in surprised hippiness, pulled the mask from her radiant, ugit face, and asked him fifteematric and be travelined. and asked him if homeant it : and he emvinced her that he did in a very delightful way, hidden

by a hig hank of shrubs, that made a suitable background for the goddess of the Chase. The ball went brilliantly, everyone voted it

The last dance before supper!

Vashti shock with excitement now the hour ad come. Gonther, whose dance it was, last had come. lean heavily upon his arm, and said,

her lean means, ou are tired, shall we ait this out? It will be a regular stamped."

"I shall be glad if you will take me into the reception room, tis fool, there; and I really want a rest."

want a rest."

Gonther led her into the room, the lights burned dimly, and the scent of the Illies was wated to them from an open windew.

Gonther took a large white wrap from the back of a chair, and placed it about Vashti's

back of a chair, and placed it about Yashti's shoulders, saying,—
"Tis-a lovely night, come out on the terrace fawhile. You will not take cold if you lise the shawl closely about you."

Vashti allowed him to lead her out in the air. The crescent moon and the calm heavens, with the soft light of stars, leoked like a picture of trangalliky. The munic from the hall room floated to them; the air was "Some Day" and Gauther took up the satern active. and Genther took up the melrain, softly

half roam Genther torn singing, Some day, some day, some day, some day.

Pknow that I shail most you.

Love, I know not when crinew.
Only this, I love you now.

Plove you now, I love you now.

A group of people had entered the reception-room sentionals. The music of his exquisite voice canaed them to pause and listen breathlessly. Vashti's voice now spoke; almost timidly, saying, in a tone to invite confidence: "Mr. Gonther, I can largy somewhere in your past there is a love story!"

"Twenty ma sheet."
"But I mean one that laft its mark—one that you feel yet. Tall me, is it not so?"
His voice was dreamly regretful as he said, looking up at the calm sky above, and the

looking up at the calm sky above, and the silent city beneath.—
"Yes, you are right, there was once one whom I loved as good men love their sonis. She was not beautiful, this love of mine, but she was young, impassioned—spirituals in the best sonie. Alse I too pure, too good for me! For a time she loved me as only such develoke, tranquil areasures can. Her love was like a holy fire, a love to harn into one's life, and purify it. But I did not understand such love. Then it was above me; I was but a splendid young animal living for the pleasane of the neur. My sainth heart when revealed to her revolted her; she turned away from me as from a pestilence. I was mad jealous, cruel—I lied about, her, and I lear, her, tair, fame suffered; but now she is placed above my malice, and may never know how deeply I re-

suffered; but now she is placed above my malide, and may never know how deeply I regret my sin against her.

"Is she dead?" whitpered Vashii,

"Dead to me!" answered Gonther. "Let us talk of brighten things. Doss what I have said rankle? Do you despise me for my contenting?

"Leannot think better of you for It.

wonder you told me!"

"So do I! Yet there are time when the heart speaks in spite of season. Vashti, you shall teach me to live a nobler life when you

shall teach me to live a nobler life when you belong to me. I shall, at least, beast virtue in my wife. When will you marry me, dear, I am tired of waiting?"

"Never!" and a stem voice.

Vashfi turned, with a stilled scream. Just then the thurse clock struck two—the hour had come! Gonther hastily strode forward; in the French window a tall form menaced him.

him.
"What clap-trap is this, Major?" asked
Gouther angely, seeing the form was dressed
as Mephistopholes.
"But a figure, answered, in a voice that was
not the Major's, and said, harably.
"Come forward into the light. There are

friends of yours here who desire an inter-

Gorther hastily entered the reception-room, followed by Vashti, who is made so that the could hardly stand. Softlier advanced into the middle of the room, and looking round,

said,—
"By Jove-I think the champs no list get into my head Bo I are traile? Two histographies, two I and I, over two lisphistophelis. What is the aboung of this melodromatic situation? I not leaven, I are all to you?"

"It means air, "mid Beryl, who was white with anger, that you are unuasked, the game is played out; you are a rank impostor?"
"A consummate fraud, in fact?" said the Mephrisphelis with the decirio-star.
In a second every mask was thrown asile, and the real Carl Gonther said in a shaken voice,—

Toige

voice,—
"Herman, this has been the worst of you many evil deeds. You have cast a cruel slat upon my name, by putting it to such base man a scourge against basis, true-heartes

Herman turned white, and said holding his hand out to the flarenthe flaxen-hairs

Marguerite,—

Daisy, are you, too, against me? you, iny promised wife?"

promised wife?"
Daisy's eyes flashed.
"You broke that the when you betrayed the trust your brother reposed in you. I am glad to be free, for I never bared for you; and I truly love one who is as far above you as the

Mark put a legal-looking document down upon a marble table. It was a full statement of the fraud Herman had practised. "There's no reason why we should not prosecute you for your lying imposture. You extorted money under false pre-maca; but those ladies shrink from the public scandal. There are penalties however, which I can make you are penalties, however, which I can make you are penalties, however, which I can make you pay for the suffering you have caused others. Get out of the circle you shame; leave the clubs that are the haunts of honourable gentlemen; of, by Heaven! I'll publish your true character far and wide. Sign this, it is a legal form that birds you to leave for ever unmoisted that most injured man, Percy Paget, and confesses the deception that you have so dillainously but upon those who otherwise had been glad to befriend you. Sign as you stand there, labe to face with the brother you have so elevelly personated, and whose presence here puts you'lo she proof!"

have so elevatly personated, and whose pre-sence here puts you to the proof! 19
Herman smiled sardonically; his face was white and nervous, his eyes literally blazed with evil-fire.
Leisurely be removed his glove, then glaring up at Mark, said hearsely,—
"Give me the pen, Ill sign. Confound you, I wish it was your death-warrant!"
When he had signed he threw the pen savagely aside, and turning to Carl said,—

"It were Christian-like to turn against your own fish, to make love to your brother's promised wife; and, worse still, win her, Curse you for a sneak and a our !"

fit Bilenes 1 15 said Carl, roused out of his gentle calm." Scoundrel, you are beneath even my contempt. Come, Dater, let us go into the ball-room, they tell me 'tie a pleasing sight." Daisy resumed her mask and took Carl's

As they left the reception room Herman's eyes followed them with a look of baffled rage. He was about to follow, when Lady Lexton

said, in her smooth voice,—
"Pardon me, but now there is another Panst.
Your absence will not be remarked. There is a door there that leads to the entrance ball. May I suggest that you make your exit there?"

"Certainly, and I adopt the suggestion with pleasur. Can I entice you away from this gay company, Major, for an hour's play?"

The Major turned upon him in haughty dis-pleasure. Offering his arm to his cousin, he

"Sir, I only play with gentlemen. I do not

wish to be cheated."

Gonther frowned and said.—
"Peck away now you have winged your

The Major took no further notice of him, at Mark held the door open with an air of sock courtesy. Then seeing Gonther was best to speak said stripty.—

about to speak said simply,—
"Qo!"
And he went; hastened, perhaps, by the fact
that Mark drew back his foot in the manner
of one about to kick.
When they were alone mark turned to
Vashi and said, with impassioned fervour,—
"Hy own at last; no more dealt, no more
difficulty. Darling, we are tree to find happiness in mutual love."
He took her in his arms hand kissed her
gravely, saying, as he looked tuto her eyes that
danced with happiness, "Oh! bank Heaven
that the peril is passed, and that fate, when
put to the proof, has been favourable to us!"
Vashti lifted up her fare, and said, in a
voice that quivend with reputer, "Kiss me,
my Greatheart! The kisses you loft upon my
lips have never here blotted out by the
carcesse of that other, who was so unworthy
to take your place."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Libr Lauron had a confession to make to her husband, and she lost not a moment in deing so, for it had him heavy on her heart. After the ball the knelt down beside him, and throwing her arms across his liness, lifted up her face, and, with a yearning tone in her soft voice, and all her story; told it so humbly with eye that koked into his, beseeching pardon so persuasively.

Then, without one word of reprosch, her husband drew her to his heart, and, after a

"Let this be the first and last secret be-tween us, wife! And to show that I do not re-sent it, I will restore Paget Naze, make it a It bease for my wife soult son. I am glad the Major was in the meret; it would have been hard had he really believed himself master there. Mark must write out an article and insert the all the papers at once, explain-ing all. There must be no more mystery?— And hearing him full of thought for others, Beryl ventured to suggest that he should take Vashti into favour now she had renewed her

troth with Mark. Lord Lexton smiled indulgently, and said, It has been rather rough on Vashti. She "It has been rather rough on Vashth She has borne the brant of all that man's villainy. We ought to be very grateful things wont no further; he had still held the whip hand, had further; he had still held the whip hand, had she been his wife. Mark was right to believe in her; she has been tried and proved true. Get to rest, during; and thank Heaven there is no longer a secree to come between set. Like your other Irlenda, dear, I think it bester Percy should remain abroad till be has mouded his fortune. He shall not be hampered for want of capital; and when he reserva he will appreciate rest in the home of his birth the

etter for a few years of exile."
After a little more talk Beryl rose and said, as she twined her arms about her husband neck, " Are you sure you love me just as much as you did before you know how I had deceived

6 Darling! I love you more; for I now feel that you need my care. Never house will a rogue like that trade upon the terror of my

roge-like that trade upon the terror of my timid wife, for never again will also be afraid to trust her loving old main!

A month later Mark and Vashti were made man and wife. The weedning was very quiet, for Mark wore mounting for his mint; and Vashti shrank from public attention, for Herman Gonther and managed to see some unpleasant goasip affects about their broken en-

gagement.
This scandal had been quickly silenced, and
Herman: Coulber discisoric book an engage;
ment in New York. Carl remained in London

till after the wedding, then went back, amid the good wishes of everyone, to enter into the same contract himself with his demure Daisy.

"Where shall we go for our honeymon, darling?" Mark had asked, and Vashti surprised him by saying, "Let us go and see Percy; I love the sea, and the dector said a see voyage would just set me up."

"Then we will go by all means, my dearest! And really I shall enjoy it more than all things! We will take your brother by surprise!"

prise!"
So they did. One day, when Percy sat smoking and reading in the porch of his quant wooden farm-house, a group of people were seen coming up through the needlows of his sheep farm. The sun shone over them brightly, and as they approached they became familiar to his incredulous eyes.

"Here! Here! come here; tell me who you see approaching."

see approaching."
Hero hastily come out, her pretty dimpled hands covered with dough, for she was making tarts. She shaded her blue eyes with her hand and said,—

ing tarts. She shaded her blue eyes with her hand and said,—
"Surely it cannot be Vashit! yet it looks so like her. Can she have come all this weary way to see us? Impossible!"
"Nothing is impossible to Vashit," said Percy, with a happy laugh; "and by heavens it is her and Mark Frost!"
Parity looking a different being now:

Percy was looking a different being now; his skir suntanned, his beard grown to manly beauty, his slim figure clad in picturesque brown velveteen; an eld felt hat, tilted over his ages, and a big brown pipe between his tech.

Running ahead of the party was an old friend—the dog Robel—whom his mistress would not be persuaded to leave behind even on her hossymon. He frished and gambolled about Percy as he, his face flushed with a pleasure, hastened forward to welcome Vashti, who, at sight of him, sprang from her horse, and the property of t and throwing her arms about his neck, burst into the most ridiculous fit of sobbing imaginable; and Mark, seeing Hero so sweet and win-some, thought he might improve the occasion

by bestowing upon her a brotherly embrace, She struggled out of his arms, laughing happily, and put out both her floury hands to Vainti, who grasped them heartily, bestowing on the pretty-fitshed face a sitterly salute.

Mark stood back silent, but with a happy look in his eyes. Percy held but his hand,

if You were good to think of us. I cannot say how very welcome you are to our humble

Mark, with an Englishman's want of flu-ency, said he was "delighted," whistled to Rebel, and waited till Vashti would introduce him properly. With a divine blush she did so, saving .-

ercy, this is my dear husband, and we have come to spend amonth, if we may, with you and Hero in this beautiful place."

"My dear sister, we have made a bower for you in the heart of our home, for long ago you said you would some to us. How glad we are said you would come to us. to welcome you under such happy circumstances, I cannot say. Come in out of the sun; Hero will take you to your room. Leave the horses to the. Thave a capital stable."

Hero led Vashti into the cool white painted

roomy apartment, that looked like a ghest chamber, because it was bright and cozy as

taste could make it.

After a little excited chat, Hero left her to prepare a suitable report, and Mark came into the bower-like place, and said it was indeed a bridal chamber worth coming over the sea to find. His silly, excited, liappy young wife three herselt into his arms, and sobbed out, "That he was so good, so good, and she so very, very

happy. e southell lier with tenderest words and caresses, and while site olung to him, told her how happy it made him to please her—how proud aid fond he would be of her always, Mark and Vashti stayed a month at the



[BETRIBUTION,]

modest sheep-farm Hero had ambitiously named Paget Park; and these wedded-lovers never tired of their sylvan retreat.

Mark found plenty of sport in the woods with Percy, and laid by quite a store of adventurous stories. Vashti, long years after, thought of that month as a foretaste of thought of that month as a foretaste of Heaven; everything was so new and strange, and beautiful; and it was so enjoyable to make all sorts of comical shifts to procure home comforts. Mark declared he envied Percy his farm, and urged him to live on there contentedly till he had laid by a competency.

"Even when you do return to England, old man, don't sell the farm; put in a steward, the place is pretty, healthy, and productive of profit." profit

And so, years later, when Percy did return, he took his advice, and placed a steward in

Ten years after Percy returned with his wife and two bonnie bairns to the Naze, which was no longer in need of repair or money to keep it up. Lord Lexton had carried out his promise, and had restored the old place. The Major had groaned when he saw the turretchamber made of use, and his cleverly-painted figure of a nun in phosphorus paint effaced from the turret. He said it was such a pity to do away with such a dear device to keep off ignorant and prying eyes from the only

to do away with such a dear device to keep off ignorant and prying eyes from the only secret place in the house.

The Major was now the father of a troop of cosy romping youngsters, and had developed into a figure of imposing proportions. Bab, too, had grown buxom, and was the happiest matron for miles round. At the Rectory, too, grey-haired lovers live in married happings. grey-haired lovers live in married happiness, glad to go hand-in-hand down life's decline together.

Lady Lexton, a little tired of gaiety, but still bright and sonsie, often visited them ac-companied by her devoted husband, who was as fond of her grandchildren as herself. Vashti now boasted a splendid establishment

in town; her husband had become a promising M.P., and they had two children; one an ugly, frank faced lad of eight, the other a fairy-like little girl called Beryl. So happy were they that they had almost forgotten the misery of the past, when they thought themselves parted for ever. Carl Gonther often wrote to them, and they were proud of his friendship, for he was a power in his age.

One morning, when Percy was staying with his sister in town, he passed the paper to Mark, saving.—

"See! Gonther is in London acting at the Queen's'. I should like to see him!" "We'll go to-night," said Mark; and they

went.

Herman was at his best; his genius inspired even these two men he had injured with admiration. The last scene of the play—a clever domestic drama—was drawing to a close when there came a terrified cry of "Fire." Mark and Percy kept their seats, and tried to make those about them act in the same reasonable manner; but the maddened throng were beyond control. Conther's great voice shouted to control. Gonther's great voice shouted to them to act like reasonable beings, and not murder themselves by insane excitement. His murder themselves by insane excitement. His commanding voice made a moment's silence, All eyes were turned to the stage, when a horrid cry went up, and the splendid form fell headlong forward felled by a burning beam. In a second Mark and Percy were on the stage, had lifted and borne him out of danger. The yearly was year, but faw lives had been

stage, had lifted and borne him out of danger. The panic was over, but few lives had been lost. Mark's carriage waited; lifting their fallen foe between them, they bore him to it for his brother's sake seeking to save his life. For months he lay like a log, Vaahit tending him, assisted by his sister-in-law; for Carl had come to England to give him the benefit of his skill, which, mighty as it was, could but save life—the light of which had fied, for Herman Gonther was blind. To paint his misery when he knew of his affliction were useless. Enough that sickness softened his heart, and showed him a new way of life. Those he had most

injured were most good to him, fergetting all their complaints against him in pity for his ruined life.

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When he was well enough to travel, Carl took him home, tenderly as a shepherd carries back a lost sheep to the fold.

Years later, under Heaven, Carl was the instrument to restore his brother's sight by a clever operation. Herman's gratitude was too great for words. He had lived in darkened loneliness so long that light seemed to him

Hearing that he could never take up his old occupation, Vashti's womanly heart was stirred with pity, and she sent an appeal on his behalf to Percy, begging him to give him the stewardship of his Australian estate.

Percy wrote a pleasant manly letter to his old Percy wrote a pleasant many letter to his outenemy; a letter that brought tears to Herman's poor disfigured eyes, for it offered him manly work and honest independence.

He accepted the offer gratefully, and went out to the exile into which he had driven

out to the exite into which he had arread Percy, with a light heart. Enough that he did not prove an unjust steward, or forget the merciful lesson taught by those who could so nobly return good for evil.

Speaking of him later to her husband, Vashti said, nestling close to her Greatheart,—

said, nestling close to her Greatheart,—
"Mark, Herman Gonther has carried out
my belief—that none of us are wholly bad;
good and evil fight within us all; in some evil
triumph, in others good. At last this man
has found the higher level. Gratitude and
suffering have put him to the proof to good
purpose, and I am glad he has not shown himself unworthy of Percy's trust."

Mark kissed her lovingly, his loyal sweet
wife, the mother of his children, in whose
hands he could safely trust the training of
their innocent souls, sure she would lead them
to their Good.

to their God.

So we say farewell to one of the happiest, most beloved women in the world.

[THE END.]



["OB, PHILIP! WEAT WILL BECOME OF ME," CRIED GRETA, "I HEAR SOMEBODY COMING."

THE LILY AND THE ROSE.

CHAPTER L

Scene: a pretty boudoir hung with amber satin—fragrant with flowers, with a hundred gracefulnick-nacks scattered about that showed it to be the abode of refined and fashionable if not cultivated women; and four of these in elegant tea-gowns, sipping tea out of dainty little china cups, and chattering like so many

magpies.
Lady Avanley had been travelling abroad with her only child—a beautiful girl of just eighteen—ever since her widowhoed two years ago, and had only recently returned to take possession of the Dower House—Greta having finished her education.
The girl was to be presented at the first drawing-room of the next season, and meanwhile Lady Avanley decided that they would remain at Darminster, and get what amuse-

remain at Darminster, and get what amusement they could out of the neighbourhood.

remain at Darminster, and get what amusement they could out of the neighbourhood.

Of course when Sir Herbert was living, and she reigned at the Hall, she had been a power in the county; and though her income was much diminished, she determined to be a power still, and make her house so pleasant to visitors they would forget she was comparatively poor, and Greta had only five thousand pounds for her dowry.

No woman was better fitted for the task she had set herself—of imposing on the world, and making a grand marriage for Greta.

Handsome, well-preserved, extremely accomplished, full of worldly tact, conventional to her finger-ends, without the suspicion of a conscience, and only the smallest remnant of a heart, she pursued her own ends daunt-lessly, but concealed them so well, nobody suspected her of having any ends at all.

The gentlemen in the neighbourhood had already found out that the Dower House was an agreeable lounge in the afternoon when you had nothing to do, and that you couldn't pass

the time much more pleasantly than in talk-ing to Lady Avanley and looking at Greta, who was one of those cold, still beauties, with regular white features whom you would never dare to ask to share a small income however much you might admire her, and therefore, might be trusted even with ineligibles and

second sons.

This afternoon there were, as we have said, four ladies in the amber boudoir—one the Honourable Mrs. Melthorpe, the wife of a retired general, who lived close by, the other a rich widow of fifty (Mrs. Lane), who owned a good deal of property in the neighbourhood, and liked Lady Avanley's because it was amusing.

There were also two gentlemen—Lord Darminster, the great catch of the county, who lived at the old castle on the hill, which you could see from the boudoir windows, and Sir Charles Avanley, the young cousin who had

Charles Avanley, the young cousin who had succeeded Lady Avanley's husband in the title and estate, and against whom she had a secret prejudice—feeling as if somehow he had despoiled Greta—whose sex had naturally been a grievous disappointment to her ambitious

mother.

Sir Charles was fair and tall, with a pleasant, frank face, which in no way justified his aunt's dislike. Lord Darminster was handsome, languid, and blase, and had an evil reputation as an unscrupulous flirt, which troubled Lady Avanley little enough; for she fancied she could trust Greta never to fall in love with any man, however fascinating, until she kne

man, however fascinating, until she knew whether he was in earnest or not, and exactly what settlements he was prepared to make.

"I wish there were no such things as poor relations, they are such a nuisance," said Lady Avanley, addressing the company in general, but glancing furtively towards Lord Darminster, who was leaning against the mantelpiece watching Greta, who had posed herself artistically on one of the amber couches, and was holding a gorgeous screen between her cool, white cheek and the fire. "When people marry imprudently, they have no right to

appeal to their friends to help them out of the difficulties they have brought upon themselves."

"Hear, hear!" said Lord Darminster, sotto wee, whilst a keen observer might have noticed that a bright red flush stained Greta's cheeks momentarily, whilst she lifted her head and looked straight across at her mother.

"Have you any poor relations then?" inquired Mrs. Lane

I have no relations at all, thank goodness

Lady Avanley replied, with a cold, little laugh; "but Sir Herbert had unfortunately."
The young baronet began to look interested.
"Who were they, aunt Cecilia? I should be

so glad to help them !" "I wish you could, I am sure," responded Lady Avanley: "but it so happens that the poor relation is a young girl, and what she wants just now is a home."

"Oh!" and Sir Charles coloured, after an ingenuous habit of his, "then I can't be of any use, of course. But are you sure that is all she

requires?"
"No! but she says so, at any rate."
"Well, but you haven't told me who she is, aunt," continued Sir Charles, with that sunny smile of his, which illumined his whole face, and made him, for the moment, handsomer than Lord Darminster.

"She is your cousin. Have you never heard that Sir Herbert had an only sister who eloped with an officer?"
Bir Charles shook his head.

Sir Charles shook his head.

"I suppose I have been told," he said, "but I don't remember. Is this her daughter?"

"Yes. Her mother died six months ago, and the girl has been staying with her father's relations ever since; but this person, she tells me, has been ordered abroad for the winter; and as this is already a greater expense than she well knows how to afford she cannot keep Alice with her, and the girl writes to ask if I can take her in."

"Then you should have refused." Greate we

"Then you should have refused," Greta remarked, keeping her eyes on the floor. relations are always so compromising."

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Sir Charles crossed the room, and leant

over her to say in a reproachful voice,—
"You are not speaking as you think, Greta;
I will never believe that you think less of any-

one for being poor."
"When it is their own fault I do."

"But it isn't Miss Marchmont's fault is suffering for her parents' sin, if sin it be."
"Of course I don't blame her personally; it is the primaple I disapprove of and con-

What principle?"

"Improvident marriages," ahe returned in a load voice, so that all the room might hear, "Did anything but misery ever come from them yet?"

Lady Avanley smiled at her encouragingly, as a mistress smiles at the pupil who does her

Lord Darminster glanced at her heavily! Sir Charles cat down on the edge of her coach with a distressed face, and said in a low

"I don't like to hear you speak like this, Greta. You can't have lost all your illusions at eighteen."

"Perhaps I never had any to lose," she

nswered, toying with the screen.
"I wouldn't believe you for the world, Grein!

She laughed her pearly, soft laugh, that to his mind was the sweetest much in all the

"You are so tarribly in earnest, Charles. What is the use use of taking everything as african."

You were joking, than ?"

"I never said so."
"Greta, you are too provoking! You seem to me to take a pride in denying your better

A gleam of compassion came into her lovely, cold eyes, warming and softening them for a moment; and fancying he saw the dawning of a passion like unto his own the young man felt himself thrill with delicious expectancy; but in another minute the gleam which had only been like the sudden glow of She said sharply and decidedly.

'I have no bester self, and it would be well
if you could take this truth to heart.''

He rose suggest there than convinced, and
went back to the group, who were still discus-

sing Miss Marchmont.

ang mas marenmon.

"I coulen't retuse her a home, however inconvenient it might be," Lady Avantér was
saying, "for, of course, she is Sir Huber's
nices, after all."

"Of course," put in Mrs. Lane, who, ditiving
no opinions of her own on any subject, was

always an admirable etho.

"And so I wrote back that she could frome and stay with us all the while we remained at Darminster, and I expect her to day."
"She comes from the country, I suppose,"

drawled Lord Darminster.

"The very backwoods,"
"Then the first thing you will have to do will be to dress her. She couldn't be in better hands, for you understand the art thoroughly," bowing to Lady Avanley. "But will not let Avanley give you a chaque? It is a pity to stem the natural generosity of youth, and she's more to him than she is to you, after all.

"I should be only too delighted!" Sir Charles began, but Lady Avanley stopped him;

it did not suit her purpose to appear poor.
"You are too practical, Lord Darminster!"
she said, superbly. "I think I could afford that small outlay out of my own purse, if there was any need, but there is nead for Alice Marchmont has a small income of her own, derived from the remains of her mother's

"I was going to ask why the was poor!" observed likes, Melthurpe, joining in the out-versation for the first time. "I fairled her mother would have had money !"

"She had, of pourse! but marrying in that way it was not settled, and Captain Marchmont

and she spent a good part of the capital. It is fortunate there is even enough left for the girl's dress—by this time."
"Poor child! it is hard for her. How old is

"Poor child! It is hard for her. How the is also, Lady Avanley?"

"About Greta's age! I believe Mrs. Marchmont had been married analy a year when I married; but her daughter was not born directly, I fanty!"

"Didn't Sir Herbert ever forgive her?" inquired Mrs. Melthorpe, carbonaly.

"After a manner; but he never asked her the house."

"Nor the daughter?"
"Nor the daughter?"
"No! he was attaid she would be like her father; and of course, he was as anxious as I was that dress should not be exposed to doubtful companionship, and we knew nothing of Mrs. Marchmont's system of training, or to be at influences the girl snight have been

"Well, but they were consins?" persisted Mrs. Malthorpe, who full inclined to take

"But about the poor slatter,
"But about the poor slatter,
When is she expected?"
"Some time this evening?"
"So soon?" chimal in Lo

"Bo soon?" chimed in Lord Darminster, lifting his sysbrows with an air of superior.

"Didn't I tell you it was to day?"
"Perhaps you did—It resily den't remember!" continued the Earl. "But it is to be kepted Miss Marchmont is pretty?"
"Why?" inquired Lady Avanley, who did not look as if she shared this aspiration.
"Because an ugly girl is an afficing mistake! All women sught to be pretty when they are young, at any rate."
"And when they are did they outlit to go into a convent, I suppose?" and Mrs. Melthorpe, cheerfully.

Melthorpe, cheerfully.

"Not if they are at all amusing! What is that, Lady Avanley?" he added, wheeling about so as to command a full view of the gravel carriage-road in front of the house, "It looks like a dy!" It looks like a fly!"

Lady Avanley felt her pulse quicken ever so little, and an unwonted flesh came into her pale, high-tred face. To have the country cousin, in such tollets as country consins affect, appearing raddenly in their midst, was more than she had bargained for. And supposing Miss Marchmont was in the fly, which every one was watching so currously, how was the to be smussled away out of sight? Bile to be smuggled away out of sight? She half-rose, then sat down again, overcome by like herself was very trying; and whilet she headtated the carriage stopped, and "Fr Charles stepped out into the hall, determined, in the kindness of his heart, his newly found cousin

about have someone to welcome her.

Lady Avanley kept still brooing up her courage for the ordeal which was now insvitable; but her lears took quite niew form which the door opened and Sir Charles came in smilling, with one of the fairest, most graceful, and aristocratic young creatures she had over seen on his arm, and brought her

straight up to Lady Avanley's chair.

"Our inuteal cousin, Miss Marchmont!" he said, looking acress at Greta, who had not even risen, much more come forward. "A true Avanley in face, if not in name!"

Lady Avanley hissed her with the edge of her sold-lips reluctantly; Greta advanced and offered her white cheek, after which she was introduced to the company generally; and, simily, Sir Charles—to when the girl in her loneliness turned gratefully, feeling as if he were her only friend—found her wohsir, and through the acquired tea satisfactors a few hird. brought her a cup of tea, asking her a few kind

but commonplace questions about her journey.

Lady Availey had some to the conclusion already that there was nothing to be astramed of. Alice's morning dress fitted her shapely aggire to perfection; her black bornet was of the last fashionable shape; her gloves and boots were adds as she wore herself; every detail was good, and her manners the best of "Doesn't it strike you?" said Darminster,

who had been surveying Alice critically through his eyeglasses for the last minute, a that Miss Marchment is like the portrait of Lady Greta Avanley in your picture-gallery at the Hall, Avanley? She must excuse me for making a personal remark, but it struck me so foreibly the moment she entered the room, noment the entered the room

All eyes were turned upon Alice, who went on sipping her tes with as an entire absence of self-constituences as if she were an artist's model, and was there to be criticised and

"Yes! I see the resemblance!" replied Lady Avanley at last.
But Sir Charles shook his head. "I don't mean to see it!" he declared. "Lady Greta was my abomination!" was my abomination!"
"What did she do, then?" inquired Mrs.

"What did she do, then?" inquired Mrs. Melthorps.

"She married my grandfather for his money, deserting a young lover who alored her, because he was poor; and the poor fellow saked her to meet him one night by the haunced elm in the park, and there she his brains out, as she stood by !"

"What a borrible abory!" and simed Lady Avaniey, stopping her cars. "Yes are so fond of horrow, Charles."!

"I believe it was quite true, aunt."

"That makes it all the worse, surely. When a thing is absolutely improbable it does not trouble one at all."

"Was the elm called the Haunted Eim after this maide or astore?" imprired Lard Darminster, his eyes wandering bank to Greta, now they had catalogued Alice's charms. He saw the former that ever so little, and suddenly lift the screen to her lips, as if to hide a transor there when Sir Charles answered.—

"After, of course. The villagers are persuaded that the poor lover's ghost may be seen wandering acred any wardering acred any acred in a course wardering acred wardering acred any acred in a course wardering acred wardering acred acred acred wardering acred a

that the poor lover's ghost may be seen wandering round and round it in a dejected way about midnight, and they even declare that voices have been heard as if in wild appeal and cold denial—he beseeching, she denying—as it was that night, no doubt, when he gave up his unhappy life for love's sake!"

"As if love were worth the asserting!" put

up his unhappy life for love's sake!"
"As if love were worth the sacrifice!" put in Grets, disdainfully.
"My dear child!" said Lady Avanley in tender represent, for she knew it was not well her daughter should appear too cold. "You know nothing about love, and therefore you are no judge."

are no judge."

"You forget that one reads about such things," replied Grets; and this time Lord Darminster fancied the screen was raised still

higher to hide a blush.

You don't read many novels, dear; there are so lew I think proper; and your experience is more limited still.

"Tis folly to be wise;"

she quoted, glassing rather definitly at Lord Darminster, as it the resented his persistent scrutiny. But perhaps Miss Marchmont would like to no and take off her things, mamms. I will show her her wom." She rese as she spoke, and Sir Charles looked pleased at her thought, but Dord Darminster,

who understood human nature better than his wno enderstood numan nature better than his young friend, fancied she had suggested this in order to effect a diversion because the subject ander discussion was disagreeable to her, and wondered why she should mind it she were as ignorant as Lady Avanley would have them

As soon as Miss Marchmont had fleft the room they all began to discuss her according to the rule that prevails in most society, whether polite or otherwise. Everyone agreed that she was quite different to the recognized type of country cousins, and would do credit to any family.

"Bhe has a good face too, as well as a hand-some one!" said Mrs. Melfhorfe;" and will be, I should say, a charming companion for Greta."
"Greta does not care for companion," said Greta's mother. "Bhe and I have always been

so much together she wants no one else, she

"Still it is good for girls to have other young people about them; and Greta will like it, I am sure, when put to the test. She can't be different to all the rest."

"I sometimes fear she is. She never talks, for one thire."

for one thing.

Then she is different to the rest of her "Then she is different to the rest of her set." put in Lord Darminster, cynically. "I have always admired your daughter, Lady Avanley, but after what you have just told me my admiration has suddenly become passion, and." bowing down low before her, "I beseech you to honour me with her hand!"

"Would you have me to dispose of her without even consulting her? "laughed Lady Avanley. "And to you too, above all the men in the world!"

without even consulting her?" laughed Lady Avanley. "And to you too, above all the men in the world!"

"What is the matter with me, from the point of view in question? My title is a six generations ald, my estates are not mortgaged, the family diamonds are superb, and I can make good settlements. My moralqualisies are not, perhaps, so brilliant as my fortunes," he added, twirling his monstache and smiling; "but famey any wise and prudent mother inquiring about them if the settlements were good. And then there is one great satisfaction, my wife would have—the feeling of having succeeded where so many had failed."

many had failed."

It was such a well-known fact that Lord Darmiaster had been angled diver sharnelessly for several seasons by all the Belgravian methers, it hardly sounded conceited to say this, especially as he had just insisted that all his advantages were of a weeldly nature a fortunate accident with which he, personally, had nothing to do. Although the handsomest can in Bulland, experient to most he was no man in England, according to mest, he was no coxcomb, and quite understood that it he had been a perfect Adonis no one would have wanted him for a son-in-law unless he had had attrac-tions of a substantial nature at the same time. Therefore Lady Avanley answered him, still

Therefore Lady Avanley answered him; still laughing,—
"There is a good deal in that, and I will draw Greta's attention to the fact. But here she comes to answer for herself, as the door opened to give impress to the chall, flip-like figure. "Greta, I have had an offer for your absence. Lord Darminster wants to marry you because he conditionals that you never talk!"
""Of what?" and Cleate with wheel there

"Of what?" said Greta, who stood there now without any screen under the full dre of "Of anything, my love!"

"If that is the case I had better be silent

" By all means !" replied Lord Darminster. whom Mrs. Melthospe fancied looked in earnest in apite of his playful tone; "for silence gives

"Then I'll just speak to say 'no.' "
"Yes' wouldn't take any longer."
"Only it wouldn't mean quite the same

thing!"
"Why not-in jest?"

"If that is the case I'll may 'ges,'" said Greta, getting back to her couch and her screen, in liest.

CHAPTER IL.

Ir had just struck ten by the church clock, and the autumn night was cold and gleomy. The deadleaves left on the tall tree-toys rustled in the wind, which made a dreary, mouning sound, like some human creature in pain.

It was not a tempting night to be out in, and Lady Avanley, lying on a couch with a quilted satin coverlet thrown over her dainty feet, said

as the windows shook in a sudden quat.

"I am glad we had no engagement for this evening, Greta; it must be very chilly outside. Wasn't that ten o'clock that struck?"

Greta was standing at the window, dooking

out into the night, and answered from there.

"Yes, it was ten. Don't you shink it is generally nicer at home than anywhere cite?"

"No. I like society, and so oughtyou. I hope

you are not going to take an affected tone about such things, Greta, for you are much too young to give up the world." Greta came back to the fire shivering, and

knelt down on the rug to warm her hands before

"I never dreamt of giving up the world!" she observed at last. "I only said I preferred my home to other people's, which is surely a

my home to other peoples, which is surely a compliment to you, manma."

"I'll accept it as such, anyhow," replied Lady Avanley, and then she saked Greta to ring the bell, adding, "I think I shall go bed. I am tired to night and isclined for rest. I daressy Alice won't be sorry to estire either,"
she concluded, looking at the girl, who sat a
little back in a dejected attitude, her blue eyes
fixed sady on the red coals in which, perhaps,
she was tracing a beloved face that was gone from her for ever.

She had been chilled by the reception she had met with from sent and cousin, and saw already that the Dower House would be no already that the Dower House would be no possible home for her. She had rever pictured it as a permanent abiding-place, but she had hoped to be able to stay here a few mouths whilst she settled her plans, and looked out for some congenial employment.

"But it is so clear they do not want me," she said to herself, distressfully; "and I must be quick and find something to do. After all, any work would be preferable to such dependence of this!"

The weariness and discouragement in her heart found some sort of interpretation on her expressive face, for Lady Avanley said, when she had left the room.—
"I don't fancy Alice Marchmont will stay

with us long."
"Not if men have eyes!" returned Greta,
who was far too sure of her own attractions to be jealous of any other woman's charms. She is very beautiful!"

"In her own style, But I don't ndmire those unithmaid beauties myself who have very red and white skins, and chime-blue eyes i" still shooling on the rig, Greia housed up at her mother with a half disdainful smile,—"That is because you are pale yourself, mamma. But Alice's complexion is simply lovely—to my mind—so fresh, and clear, and

It is aure to conteen in a few years," said Lady Avanley, searching for another objection. "Girls of that type are only handsome whilst

they are very young."

"I wish I was as sure of being good-looking at forty as she is! Now we are alone together there is no use for disguise, surely; and we may as well admit that Alice is beautiful—with the sort of beauty that will be more generally attractive than mine. As we are speaking candidly and confidentially, I don't mind saying that my features are more regular, but then men, as a rule, admire colouring and animation!

"Then why can't you be animated?" "Because it wouldn't suit my style-

"Anyhow, your style seems to please Lord Darminster," returned Ledy Avanley, patting out this suggestion as a feeler. "I believe he was half in sarnest when he made his offer

to-day."
"Oh, mamma!" ahruggisg her shouldets, and blushing; "how can you be so credulous?
You know what Lord Darminster is. He would amuse himself with me if I would let would amuse himself with me it I would let him, but I am quite sure that he would never think of marriage—and if he did I wouldn't havehim—if he ould estale three counties upon me, and cover me with diamonds from head to

"Greta!" explaimed her mother, with 'a sort of horror; "you are not, surely, in

"Indeed I am. Lord Darminater is a coldhooded rous, and such love as he had to offer would be an insult to any honest woman? You have taught me not to be too particular," she added, smiling bitterly; "but, at any rate, I must draw the line there. However," breaking off suddenly, with an uneasy laugh; "it is time to express my opinion of Lord Dar-minster's advantages as a husband when the question concerns me, and, though he would be quite willing to break my heart if I would let him, I don't think he would ever commit such

a folly as to ask me to be his wife."

"If he should, you would be a greater fool than I took you for if you refused him!" rethan I took you fo plied Lady Avanley, with an emphasis that degenerated into rudeness. "However, as you way, we can discuss that question when he does ask you."

And she took her French novel and her landog and went off to bed, just adding, from the door, e're she what herself out,— "'Mind you don't sit up late, Greta; it is so

bad for the complexion.

"Always my complexion."
"Always my complexion, or my figure, or my eyes," said Greta to herself, with a nort of passion. "I wonder if it ever occurs to her that I have a heart that wants looking siter, too. Nay, I have been too well brought up to have such an inconvenient appendage, and, therefore, I do not wonder that mamma leaves it out of all her calculations. Ah, me! I wish

it out of all her calculations. Ah, me'l wish I could do the same; perhaps I should be happier then than I am now! She sat there, pondering gloonly, until half-an hour had passed away, and the Dower House had become as silent as the grave; then she opened the door softly, and looked into the hall. Everything was quiet here, and the lights extinguished. She went to the bottom c e stairs to listen it she would hear her

mother's voice talking to Marie; but Marie had evidently taken leave of but mistress for the night, for everything wab as quiet upstairs as

Finally Greta returned to the drawing room, closed the door instead over the inside, then putting out the lamp she draped a thick, dark fur cloak she had brought from the fall about the figure, drew the hold over her head, so as almost to conceal her face, and opening the low window very cautiously stole out into the night.

Keeping as much in shadow as possible ahe reached a little swing gate that led into the lanes, and so out into the read.

The Dower House was just on the edge of Darminster pariah, and within a stene's throw of Alyesford.

Indeed, as soon as you turned the corner in leaving lady Avanley's grounds; you naw the hall right before you with a long stretch of park, dotted with fine trees, between it and the

road.
Another little swing gate, which Sir Charles had had put on purpose for her, took Greta into the park, and though it was night as she knew the ground so well, she went on briskly, until she came near to a huge elm tree, which

was carved in shadow against the sky.
"Philip," she said, softly, and a tall figure suddenly emerged out of the darkness; and was caught in w passionate embrace, kits after kisraining down on her sweet lips, until she glowed like a rose, and cisled out for mercy. "Oh! Philip, you are for bad! You will smother me!" Smother me !

And the hughed a little soft, cooing laugh, as the tried to lodge his next kits, which, falling short of its mark, alighted on her slender, white throat, and checked further re-

monatrance.

"I must make up for lest time when I do got you!" he said. "It is very hard for me, Greta, that I am the only man of decent posi-ries in the neighbourhood who dares not go to the Dower House!"
I could not trust myself," she murmured.

"Memma's eyes are so charp she would find out my secret directly if she saw as together."

" Pm afraid she would," he replied. if I have you civil to another man I should insult him for a certainty, and so betray us both.

I am so horribly leadous!" I am so horribly jealous!

"You have no need to be Philip; I am an iteles to everyone but you!"
"My darling! my precious awest love!" he whispered, holding her tighter to his breast

whilst he lifted her dainty chin, and gazed passionately into her love-lit eyes; "I know I can trust you; and yet I am always asking myself what Lord Darminster means by going so

often to your house."
"To amuse himself, simply. He is on the

look-out for another victim!"

"Are you sure you could never learn to care for him, Greta? He is considered irresistible by most women?"

'I haven't room in my heart for two loves !" ahe answered, slipping her little cold hand caressingly into his; "and if I had he would be the last man in the world I should ever

Why, Greta? Do you know?"

"My instinct warns me against him, for I believe him to be a man without scruples or conscience, who would leave no stone unturned to gain his ends!"

Then Heaven grant he may not fall in love

with you, my darling!"
"If he did he would have to fall out of it, for even if I did not love you I would not marry him!"

"Are you sure you could help it in those

circumstances?

"I am quite sure mamma could not force me to a step of this sort against my will," she

replied.

"No; but constant dripping wears away the hardest stone at last, and though you were ever so firm at starting could you be sure of holding out against persistent and untiring prayers and pernuasions?"

"Yes!" ahe answered, dauntlessly. "My love for you would uphold me, Philip. You need not be afraid of me, for if it came to a contest between mamma and myself I should know how to hold my own."

know how to hold my own."

"Lady Avanley has the reputation of being a very determined sort of person; Greta."

"And I haven't, I daresay; but I am very determined, for all that, and though I might yield in small things for the sake of peace, mamma quite understands, I am sure, that I would not yield in great."

would not yield in great."

"Has she ever put it to the test?"

"Not yet in action, but I have told her plainly what to expect if she did only as late as to-

"Still Lord Darminster has the entrie of your house at all times, and dines with you, at least, once a week."

"Yes. I am sorry to say we see a good deal of him. I suppose he finds the country rather dull."

"Then why doesn't he go away?"

"Because of the shooting, and then he is expecting a succession of visitors next week, and he won't have time to worry us when the Castle is full. But, dear Philip," coaxingly, "what does it matter whether he is there or not when you know so well that I love you, and only you, and could never be persuaded out of my alle-

"I am a jealous fool, I know, sweetheart but you see whilst he feasts right royally I starve out in the cold. I went to the window started out in the cold. I want to the window that night he dined with you, and I saw him standing at your side, looking down into your face, whilst the delicate lace on your skirt actually touched his feet, and the perfume of the flowers in your hair and bosom must have thrilled him through and through. I would have given the whole world to be in his place; to have the right to fan you as he did, and yet I dared not cross the threshold. Can't you understand what I suffered?"

"Yes, dear Philip," soothingly. "But don't you think it would be wiser not to expose yourself to these trials? I am true at heart—true through and through, but I cannot shut myself up unless I want to excite suspicion. And then what are my company smiles worth to you, after all, when you have so much that is

"I want every bit of you, Greta!"
"I want every bit of you, Greta!"
"Of course, you selfish man!" she said, with tender playfulness. "And one of these days you shall have every bit of me, but you must get a little money first of all. Mammais

actually what I pretend to be—a sceptic in love; and just now would be a bad time to try and persuade her she was in the wrong, for my came to us this very day, nearly destitute!"

Philip started, almost bruising the soft white cheek that lay so confidingly on his

"The moral of that is, I suppose, I mustn't ask Lady Avanley's consent until my prospects improve. And oh, dear me!" with an impatient sigh; "I am tired of waiting already!"

already!"

"For shame, Philip, when we are both so young! Four years hence will be quite time enough for us to marry."

"Do you think Lady Avanley will allow you to ramain single all that while? I tremble to think how it will be when you are introduced into acciety and are surrounded by introduced into society, and are surrounded by eligible suitors!"

eligible suitors!"

"You foolish old Philip! To hear you talk
one would think I was a perfect wonder, and
had only to appear to take all London by
storm! Of course I am pretty, but then there
will be a good many girls who are prettier, and
have money besides, so that I shall be nowhere!"

where!"
"I wouldn't mind betting a thousand pounds, if I had them, that you are the undisputed belie of the next season?" Philip said, with prophetic accuracy, "and then it strikes me I shall be nowhere."
"Philip! you pain me by these doubts, and they are not just besides!" she complained, trying to withdraw herself from him in her wounded love and pride. "If I trust you why can't you trust me?" can't you trust me?"

"Am I likely to be exposed to any temptations of this sort ?

" Very possibly! I saw Miss Winkle making eyes at you in church last Sunday, and I felt as if I should like to—to strangle

Philip laughed in spite of himself, and stooped to kies the sweet lips that had just reassured him. But Greta broke from him, and pushed back her hood in a startled way to

"Oh! Philip, what will become of me! I

hear somebody coming!"
"Nonsense, darling! no one would venture
within a quarter of a mile of the haunted elm after dark, as you know."

" Hark then?

He, too, listened, and a little cry of apprehension and dismay passed his white lips.

"It is true, someone is coming! Hide yourself, for Heaven's sake, Greta!"

"Where?" she whispered desperately.
Without consulting her, for he found there was not a minute to loss, he lifted her in his arms and awang her up into one of the bigher branches of the elm, bidding her crouch down and remain perfectly still, reminding her that

this was her one chance of evading detection.

Escape was impossible for him, by this time, and would have been dangarous even at first, so he did the only thing open to him under the circumstances—namely, put a bold face on the matter and lighting a cigar, strolled in a leisurely way towards the new-comers, whom he now recognized, with a little thrill of apprehension, as Lord Darminster and Sir Charles Avanley!

(To be continued.)

Useful Accomplishments.—Every girl, in whatever station of life she may be placed, should be brought up to mend her own clothes and do a certain share of a younger sister's or brother's or something for her parents. Even where people are rich enough to keep lady's maids, it does not follow that their children will be able to do so till the end of their lives, and manya girl has married and gone out with good prospect to some country or colony where no one can be got to perform these little services for either love or money, and, if not able to do them for herself, she has been in a very poor plight.

WILFUL, BUT LOVING.

CHAPTER XIX.

Ir was the day before Beatrice D'Arcy's wedding, and a great stir of preparation con-vulsed the little household in Colville-road. Only the bride herself was undisturbed by it; a great calm seemed to have taken possession of her—to her her whole life seemed bounded by the horizon of to-morrow. Her thoughts went no farther than the ceremony which should make her Mrs. Herbert Cecil.

The wedding was to be almost entirely a private one—this was the wish of both the "happy pair." Michael D'Arcy would give away his adopted niece, and Mr. Gordon meant to bring his wife to do honour to the girl who had contributed so largely to the suc-

es of his last season.

Everything was ready. The travelling-trunks packed, stood in the spare room; on the bed was laid out to-morrow's festive array -a plain white silk dress and long tulle veil. Nothing could have been simpler or in better taste. The silk was of wondrous richness, and the veil was edged with real lace.
"I am so tired!"

Mrs. D'Arcy wiped her comfortable face with her handkerchief, and subsided into an

arm-chair.

She had been bustling about ever aince the early morning, and had carned a right to

repose.

Beatrics bent over her and kissed her.

"I have given you a great deal of trouble,

"It's a pleasure," protested the good woman, affectionately. "Only, child, I wish you were not going; the house will seem empty without you!"

empty without you!"
They sat on in silence, the hearts of both pretty full, only that one was thinking of a secret the other did not know — was in memory living over again a scene of nearly two years ago, when the preparations for her wedding were nearly as complete as now.

"Isn't it nearly time Mr. Cooil was here," asked Mrs. D'Aroy, at last; "it's past six, isn't it?"

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"It is seven

"And he said he would come at six."

"He is busy," said the girl, gently. "You know leaving England for some months needs a good many preparations,"
"Well, it's not like him to keep you waiting like this. Perhaps he thinks it's the last

"I am quite sure he will come."

But when she had waited another half-hour, and still the expected ring did not come, she began to grow uneasy.

It was so unlike Herbert; his last words the night before had been: "Whatever happens I shall be with you at six to-morrow; that will be our last meeting, my dearest, until you are all my own!"

The gate swung to. Beatrice strained her eyes into the darkness, and saw a small boy bearing a letter in his hand.

Some instinct sent her to the door, and she saw that it was one of those little yellow messages which bring joy or sorrow with such awful suddenness.

"A telegram for Uncle Mike!" she said to Mrs. D'Arcy. "Where is he?"
"Downstairs, dear; don't you trouble. Call

But some unaccountable presentiment told Beatrice that the telegram concerned her

She flew downstairs to Michael D'Arcy.

"Open it at once!" she gasped. "Something is the matter. Oh! tell me quickly!"

He knew it was truest kindness not to deceive her, and when he had read the message he placed it in her hand.

"Heaven comfort you man hills."

Heaven comfort you, my child!" It was very short-very few words to con-

The sender of the telegram was a London doctor, and he informed Mr. D'Arcy that Mr. Herbert Cecil had been knocked down whilst rossing Westbourne-grove that afternoon, and a carriage had passed over his body.

There was no hope. He must not delay if he wished to see the natient alive!

"You will go at once!" breathed Beatrice.

"And you will take me with you!"

"Can you bear it?"

"I can you bear 117"
"I can bear anything but suspense!"
A few words of explanation to his wife, a hasty sending for a cab, and then Mr. D'Arcy was speeding with Beatrice to what they deemed her lover's deathbed.

Neither spoke a word throughout that melan-choly drive, only Michael held the girl's hand in his, and from time to time pressed it gently

It seemed an endless journey, but at last they stopped before the house where Herbert Cecil had lived for nearly ten years.

The landlady came forward to receive them, tears in her eyes as she saw the bride who

Are we in time?

"He does nothing but ask for you, miss.
Oh! thank Heaven you've come! I don't
think he could have died in peace without

They drew back, when the door of the sick room was reached, for Beatrice to enter alone. The landlady and Mr. D'Arcy both felt no third person was needed at that sad, corrowful, deathbed interview.

A tall, grey-haired doctor, sitting by the bed, moved to give up his place to her, touched to the heart at the sight of her beauty and her youth

He signed to a cordial, which stood on a table

"You must give him that if he needs it; and ring the bell for me if there is any

And then, with a look full of deepest sym-

pathy, he turned away.
"Bertie!"

She bent over him, with a world of tender-ness in her eyes; she did not love him, yet he was very dear to her. To-morrow he would have been her husband.

Bertie!"

He had been half dozing at her entrance, but the sound of her voice roused him at once. To her terror, there was no smile of greeting for her-no loving words. He turned away his face as though he could not bear to meet her

"Have they told you," he gasped, feebly,
"that there is no hope—that I am dying?"
She bowed her head.
"I loved you so. I have sinned—sinned
bitterly against you. But oh! my darling, it
was love tempted me."
The took his favor-horning hands between

She took his fever-burning hands between

her two cool ones.
"Dear," she said, sweetly, "you have nothing to reproach yourself with; it is I who should sorrow. I never loved you half enough never gave you a return for your devotion."

He trembled.

"I am dying. I cannot go into my Maker's presence with a lie upon my lips. Poor child, you don't know how I have wronged you, but I must tell you now; even if you curse me on my deathbed you must know

"No!" she said, imploringly. "I am sure you have never wronged me in thought or word. Tell me; nothing—nothing can change my feel-

ings.

I must tell you!"

She saw it was useless to thwart him, and held the cordial to his lips; when he had drained the glass he seemed a little stronger,

and began,—
""You remember Alan, my friend and comrade, who never gave me an unkind word since we were boys together?"

"I made you think him heartless and fickle.
I maligned him to you to steel your heart

against him. I did it all because I could not ar that he should win you."

She had buried her face in the coverlet, he could not see it; she spoke no word.
"I came between you. Alan came from Vale honestly and heartily in love with you. He knew you only as the station-master's niece.

"Whom he could win for a toy !"

"That was my calumny. If he could have found you he would have laid hand and fortune at your feet. I met him once in Colville-road, vainly seeking for a family of the name of Johnson; I knew it was you he wanted to find, but I would not help him."

"Goon!" came abruptly from Beatrice, with a smothered sob. "You have said too much

"When he came to me with Dora Clifford's letter, his one rejoicing was that he had wealth to offer his Beatrice. He never even had the writer's secret that her love was his still. He fancied her married—and married still. He fancied her married—and married happily. He saw a portrait of you—a painting I had done from memory in idle moments—he cried out that it was the girl he sought. I told him it was only a fancy sketch."

"How could you!" broke from the girl, indignantly. "How could you be so base, so mean and falca?"

dignantly. "Ho mean and false?

mean and false?"

"I deserve all the taunts you can utter," he said, feebly; "but not one can be more bitter than the stings of my own conscience. Oh, Beatrice, the weight of remorse I have had to bear has almost killed me!"

He broke off from sheer exhaustion; again she gave him the cordial, and once more he rallied, and went on.

rallied, and went on.

"You know the rest. How, despairing of finding the Beatrice he sought, he paid attentions to Lady Elinger Law. You know the moment you appeared at the Prince's Opera, he believed he bad discovered his idol. If he was false to your past self because he loved your present image better, you must judge. I only know you had no rival but yourself."

"He loved me truly," murmured Beatrice, "and how did I repay it? With soon. And it was your work. You knew my secret and how I loved him, and yet you made me dash the cap of happiness from my lips. Oh! cruel

the cup of happiness from my lips. Oh! cruel -- oruel!"

"I am dying," he said, faintly; "and I loved you! Oh! my darling, be merciful—have pity!"

The angels of good and evil had a little struggle in the girl's heart. This man had deceived her cruelly—he had wrecked the happiness of her life; but he was dying, and he had loved her.

Should she send him to the shores of eternity without a word of pardon! If her whole future must be a blank would it make her happier to feel she had refused his last re-

quest.

"You loved me," she whispered; " and love "You loved me," she whispered; "and love covers much. You did not mean to make me miserable. I will remember only your kindness of long ago to the lonely, friendless girl—all else I will forget!"

"And you forgive me?"

"From my leart!" she answered, gently.

"Oh! Herbert, if it smoothes your path to the grave—if it makes the thought of what must follow the grave one iota less terrible then know that you have my full and free forgiveness

A smile came on the face of the dying

"Kiss me," he whispered. "I shall be quite

And with her lips strained to his she gave the desired proof of pardon; and even as he received it his spirit passed to the eternal shore. When the watchers downstairs, sur-prised at not being summoned, came in with-out the expected call, they found Herbert lying with a smile of ineffable beauty on his dead face, and Beatrice, her blue eyes closed, her checks white and cold, to all appearance as lifeless as her lover.

lifeless as her lover.
"And to morrow was their wedding-day.

poor young things!" said the Doctor, huskily. "It is a sight almost to unman the heart."

They took her away—they carried her into an adjoining room; and there the landlady and her servant did what they could to restore her to consciousness; while downstairs Mr. D'Arcy listened to such explanations as the

doctor could give.

It seemed that he witnessed the accident, and, knowing the author well by sight, had accompanied him home. When he was undressed and in bed—when the painful certainty that he could not live another day was apparent—he had turned to the medical man and begged him to telegraph to Mr. D'Aroy, and then he asked with pitiful earnestness if it was quite true—if there was

oarnestness it it was quite true—if there was really no hope.

On being told gently there was none he asked for his desk, and taking from it a sealed-up letter, delivered it to Mr. Gresham.

"I have had a presentiment on me for weeks that I should never live to be married;

in that belief I wrote this letter, promise me when all is over you will post it, and let no human creature know of its contents."

The doctor accepted the charge; he was a truthful, earnest man. As soon as he found he could be of no use to the survivor in that sad house he went to the nearest post-office and registered the letter; it was only then that he caught sight of the address—"Lord St. Clare, Castle St. Clare, Kent."

Beatrice passed the next day in bed. For almost a week she stayed there, the cruel fever sapping her strength and seemingly resolved to take her life too; but after a while she rallied. A week after that fatal night, the very day when all that was mortal of her lover had been carried to his last home, the light of reason there are more light to reason the same ways in how the light of reason shone once more in her blue eyes; she recognized Mrs. D'Arcy, and clung to her with one cry.—

"Take me away! take me away!" she re-peated. "Take me somewhere I have never been before, or I shall die!"

They took her to Hastings, and there by the sweet, and see waves health and strength came back to her with wondrous strides. The news of the fearful misfortune that had befallen her and her consequent illness had been sent to the manager of the Vienna Opera House, and he agreed at once to wait a month longer for the arrival of the beautiful prima donna.

Long before that she was pining for work again, she wanted something to fill her life—to fill it might be that aching void, that terrible

blank in her heart!

Mr. D'Arcy was now almost himself again; his recovery had been prompter and more complete than anyone had ventured to expect, and the doctors gave their full consent and approval to his journey to Vienna.

Hundreds of sympathizers had sent letters

of inquiry and sympathy for the bereaved girl; many did something more, and called personally, but only one was admitted to Beatrice's presence

"I was one of Mr. Cecil's oldest friends," Mrs. Fane told Michael D'Arcy in reply to his assertion that his niece could see no one. "I am sure Miss D'Arcy will admit one who knew and loved him as a brother."

To Michael's surprise Beatrice assented at once, She seemed well pleased at the idea, and so Mrs. Fane was shown in. The first thing she did was to take the forlorn girl into her arms and kiss her very tenderly. There was something intensely motherly in Beatrice Fane, in spite of her youth.

"My dear child, how you must have suffered!"

The prima donna looked into that face, and

knew its owner might be trusted. To her the heart might speak a little of its trouble. ** 44 "I have suffered terribly. And, oh! Mrs. Fane, the sting of it all is I never loved him—never! He knew it from the first, and loved me in spite of it; but now when people come to me with their sympathy, I feel as if I were a

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pretender, a deceiver, and I cannot tell them differently."

Mrs. Fane stroked her fair hair caressingly. mirs. I are stroked her fair hair caressingly.

"If he were content to take you, knowing the leve was not there, you have nothing to repreach yourself with. You need sympathy as much as anyone can. Only that, if Herbert Cecil were not year heart's choice, the less is not irreparable. We all have our corrows," said Mrs. Fane, after a pause, "I am in great trouble now."

trouble now."

"You are not in mourning?" half-questioned Beatrice. "Is it death?"

"It may be death. I may have soon to don a black dress like yours. My brother—my only brother—has gone as a volunteer to join the forces in South Africa. He sailed three days hefore Mr. Cecil's death; Heaven only knows whether we shall ever meet again!"

And as the two women wept together, the elder little guessed that the news she had brought gave her companion far more bitter pain than the loss of her affianced husband the eye of their wedding day!

eve of their wedding-day!

CHAPTER XX.

AND BAST.

MADEMOISELLE D'ARCY was an immense suc cess at Vienns; her beauty, her genius, and the sad romantic history which had preceded her tauched all hearts, and the English prima donna was one of the most popular characters

doning was one of the most popular characters of the day.

She made no parade of her grief, no ostentations display of sorrow, only a strange shadow rested upon her face. It was never there in her public life. Nothing marred the brightness of her acting; but off the stage, at home, those who were allowed the honour of her acquaintance declared she was just pining away for grief at the loss of her made that silent, suppressed agrees was assume her suppressed serrow was sapping her

strength,
This view of the case was never suggested to her. Many men, indeed, were told enough to fancy they could bring back the smiles to her sweet face and the light to her blue eyes, but one and all respected the first months of bereavement, and no work of love was uttered to her, though many only waited until Herbert Cool should have been in his grave alt months before pleading for the heart and hand of the girl be had left to mourn bim.

Even Michael D'Arey and not penetrated his darling's secret. He knew that she read the English newspapers which followed them the English newspapers which followed them to Vianna with eager, feverish, anxiety; he knew that her eyes always tarned first to the news from Atrica, and though ahe never breathed a word to him, though he never asked her a question, he was pretty certain that the man for whose sake she had never really loved Herhert Cecil was in the army, and sarving in the war.

They went back to England in March. It was an unusually early apring. Already the air was mild and balmy. The smahine had come to brighten nature, and the early flowers were litting up their heads.

come to brighten nature, and the early flowers were litting up their heads.

Mr. D'Arcy shrank from taking Beatrice to the home where everything had been prepared for her brids!, where, indeed, her wedding-dress, the trunks packed for her heneymoon, still occupied the spare room; but, on the other hand, he was anxious himself to be back at Camberwell. There were many things to see to, much to be arranged.

to see to, much to be arranged.

With the strange keepness of perception which always marked her the girl understood his doubts

"Let us go to the Colville road," she said, promptly. "You need not think I shall mind. Uncle Mike, it will not make me mind. Unois mise, is will miserable to see the house where you received me a lonely wanderer—the truest home I ever

knew!"

"It will"bring it all back to you so, my poor child! said the musician, pityingly,
She shook her head.

"I never forgot it!" she answered, simply.

"I never can; but I have lived long enough to know that what happened was for the bast. I never could have made Herbert happy. In time to come he might have repeated our wedding. It is better as it is!"

They went back to Camberwell, and she strove to take up again the old life, with its daily routine, but the effort was almost too hard.

hard.

Queanxiety was spared her. She knew that Lord St. Clare was alive, that he had not fallen a victim to the Zulu spears, for before she left Austria she read in the papers that he was coming home on sick leave.

On sick leave! Who would cheer and beguile the tedious hours of his convalescence? Who would nurse him back to health? How gladly Beatrice would have offered her services but for that great again harrier which

vices but for that great social barrier which exists between a man and women who have once been lovers, and who, it it pleased them both, might still be lovers once again without breaking the laws of Heaven or man!

breaking the laws of Heaven or man!

But in those early spring days a sort of hunger came upon her to see the place where, after all, she had known him beet, the house where she had learned to love him, where her first great trouble had come to her.

Castle St. Clare, she knew, had been shut up when its master went to the wars, but the gardens would still be free to the public. The old housekeeper might be willing for a dosecure oven to show some of the grand old rooms, and relate the latest news of her employer.

The longing grew till, it became unconquerable; and so one sweet spring day Reatrice

able; and so one sweet spring day Reasrice came downstains dressed for walking in a soft grey cashmere and a plain, tight fitting

bonnet.

It was the first time since Herbert's death she had wern anything but bleeb. The sun fell upon her hair, turning it almost to threads of gold.

"I cannot stay indoors, auntie! I am going to give myself a treat, and have a whole day in the real country!"

"So that you bring yourself back, safe and sound I've no objection, dear; only don't get loat!"

Beatrice smiled a little sadly.

"No fear of that!"

She knew the long walk from the station to the castle would be beyond her strength, but she generabered a short out across the fields which led directly into the castle grounds.

which led directly into the castle grounds. This was the way abe meant to choose. It was quieter, more scoluded, in every way more preferable than the other.

The sky was a clear Italian blue. No single cloud married the beauty of the day, and yet a great sadness fell upon Beatrice D'Assy as she walked across the broad lands which for centuries had belonged to the Earlis of St. Clare. She, too, was a descendant of that noble house. All this, if fate had not hear an great might have been here and been so cruel, might have been hers and

An abrupt turn of the path and she came in front of the castle. Oh, what a world of memories those old walls brought back to For a moment she felt she could not go Then she nerved herself, and continued

on. Then she nerved herself, and continued her journey.

Every step now was full of recollection, every moment some fresh association stirred her. All was the same, unstirred, unapoilt in its grand calm beauty. Only the girl who had once wandseat through those glades at the Earl's side was altered. Nay, she had disappeared altogether, and in her stead stood a weary world-tessed woman, who pessessed fame, heavily, gonius, and yet was some at heart for want of a love which has been hers once, and now could never return to her!

The tears stood in her eyes as the looked upon the beauty of the seens.

"I was foolish to come;" she murmured, speaking aloud unconstinuely in her agitation.

"I is so beautiful; it only brings back the past, and all my terrible mistaken! Oh, I wonder he could ever bear to leave such a home!"

home l"

"He left it-he left England because he could not bear to hear your wedding beliat." said a voice near her.

She looked up and found herself face to fare with Lord St. Clare. He had come up while she was lost in a reverie in time to hear her last words.

"I thought you were in Kensington with Mrs. Fane?

Mrs. Fane?"

"I only reached England yesterday. I came straight here. Beatrice, do not shrink from me! De not turn your face away! Oh, let me speak to you; let me explain!"

"It is I who should explain," said the girl, celdly. "I was tired of London, I get a longing on me to see the country. I had heen to Castle St. Clare before, and I thought it a pleasant place for a day's excursion. Had I known you were at home, believe me i would not have treaspassed."

"Trespassed!" he repeated, bitterly. "Why, don't you know I would give my ancestral home and its contents, just as I would give the whole world for one word of love from

She had quite recovered her composure

"I am glad we have met, Lord St. Clare: I was very rude to you the last time we had a three-the at Richmond. I think I should like to know you had forgiven me."

"It was not your fault."

"You had been deceived. Poor fellow! he has gone to his rest now, and we must not speak ill of the dead. He left a letter telling me the truth, that he maligned me to you because he feared you were disposed to think favourably of my suit. Poor fellow!" said the peer, with unconscious irony; "he need not have troubled from first to last." You hated

She answered nothing; her blue eyes were bent upon the ground. There was no one to whisper to Lord St. Clare that she was

whisper to Lord St. Clare that she was crying.

"I knew you could never be anything to me; and yet when I heard of your engagement it filled me with a bitter pain. I went away—I deserted home, country, and friends, just because I could not bear to stay in England and hear your wedding belia!"

"You will never hear them now!"

"You make the was false to me but true enough to you! I cannot wonder jou are faithful to his memory."

"I am not faithful," said the girl, with a sob in her voice; "I never loved him, and he knew it well. I had told him my whole heart was given away, and yet he was willing to marry me!"

marry mel"
"He trusted you he did not fear a dead rival!"

"Not dead," she contradicted him; "cold, heartless. I thought him then, but not dead." Alan looked at the beautiful face with a Alan looked at the beautiful face with a strange, hungry rapture, and longed to take her into his arms and cover it with kisses! But he believed his passion was hopeless. She seemed to him more lovely than ever. He knew she was dearer to him than all the world, and yet he had no hope—none!

But one sentence she had spoken recurred to him suddenly; it mystified him, and he resalved to ask its meaning.

"You said you had been to Castle St. Clarebefore, Did Herbert bring you?"

She shook her head.

"You puzzle ma," said Alan. "Do you mean that you were at the castle as a guest?"

"Yes."

"Yes."
"But in that case I must have been there too!" he exclaimed, in astonishment.
"You were there."
"Beatrice!" he cried, passionately; "am. I to believe your words or my own senses? How could I have been there and forgetten you?"

"You forgot me so completely that when you saw me again at Vale you had not the slightest recollection of my face!"

"You confess, then, you are the Beatrice I

"You contest, then, you are the Deather I knew at Vale, and yet you told me you were not related to the Johnsona!"
"Nor am I. Mrs. D'Arcy and Mrs. Johnson are sisters; I call them both aunt, but there is not the slightest relationship between

"Then your name is not really D'Arcy?"

"No, nor Beatrice either."

"And when you were at the castle you bore

your own name?"
"Yes; I had not learnt to detest it then. I took the name of Beatrice D'Arcy when I was alone in the world with but one objecthide myself from my nearest living relation!"

"He must have been very cruel to you!"
"He did not mean to be," she answered, her blue eyes still fixed upon the ground.
"Through all my sorrows—and I have had
many—I have believed that he never meant to hurt me. I loved him dearly, I gave him my woman's heart, and I was nothing to him but a little neglected girl whom his uncle had left

as a burden in his path."

How he guessed the secret Alan never knew.

Before those last words he had had no suspicion of it. It came on him with the force of

a sudden revelation.

She uttered no word either of confirmation or denial, but she let him take her in his arms and press his lips to hers.

"My daving!" breathed Alan, "mine at last! You shall never escape me again, never

while I live!"

She answered nothing-she was too happy.

"And why were you so cruel to me?"

"Have you forgotten Herbert's letter?

When I knelt by his death-bed, Alan, he told me of how he had parted us. He implored my forgiveness. Oh! it was hard to grant it!"

"I am sure you pardoned him-I should have found it impossible; but if you could for-

have found it impossible; but if you could forgive me, my crime was worse than his!"

"I never thought it so. I always felt you
did not know how I hoved you; and then Miss
Delaval was very lovely!"

"Not half so beautiful as you are!"

"The bright hand still leant upon his
shoulder, the face hidden from his view. He
stroked the fair hair caressingly."

"Darling!" She did not answer, she hardly realized those words were meant for her.

"Darling!" he repeated, "when will you come to me?"

I cannot," she whispered, " I cannot, "Nay, but you must. You are my heart's est treasure, and I don't mean to let you out best tre

best treasure, and I could have a so the mur-of my sight again!!"

"It is such a little while ago!" she mur-mured, "only last September!"

"You belonged to me first!" said Alan, a little jealously. "According to my idea you ought to have been my wife two years ago!"

"But."

"Listen, my darling!" permanively. "We can't take the whole world into our confidence. Your uncle and aunt must know the truth, and my sister. We pust let the rest of our coquaintenace find out our motives for them-

"But Herbert's memory—"
"But Herbert's memory—"
"Poor fellow! If any of our mortal doings can reach him where he is, he will be glad to think his sin is atoned for, and that the girl he loved, not wisely, but too well, is a happy

Lord St. Clare drove to the station with his cousin, and accompanied her to Camberwell, where he had a long private interview with where he had a long private interview with Mr. D'Arcy. He then went to Bichmond and saw Mr. Gordon. What compensation he offered that worthy manager never transpired; but, before the Earl left, it was quite understood the heantitel prime doma would never appear on the stage again.

The next day Mrs. Fanc came over to Gamberwell. She won Mrs. D'Arcy's love at once by her affectionate greating to Beatrice—the old name will creep out.

"I shall love you despite!" said Post to be the stage of the love of the stage of the love of the

"I shall love you dearly!" said Bee, tak-

ing the girl into her motherly young arms. "Dora, we shall be dear sisters always."

But the days passed on, and still Dora would brook no mention of the ceremony which was

to make her Countess of St. Clare.
She told Mr. and Mrs. D'Arcy, when they emonstrated with her, she felt sad whenever she heard of a wedding. She burst into tears when Bee broached the subject; and it was only one night, with her head pillowed on her lover's breast and his arms cound her, that she sobbed out the trath. She felt quite certain they would never be married at all. As soon as the ceremony was

fixed something would happen. He told her nothing but death could part them, surely she did not doubt his leve! Oh! no: she did not doubt, but she had the feeling all the same.

And it was natural enough for a girl who had seen two bridal tronsseaux prepared for her in vain, who had twice been within three days of wifehood, to feel thus,

Alan was very patient. He promised that no trousseau, orange blossoms, or wedding cake should come near her, and he even forbore for a little while to make any allusion to his great

But one bright morning in June he came with Mrs. Fane to take Dora for a drive, and asked Mrs. D'Arcy to accompany them. Her husband was not in the house so there was no scruples about leaving him alone. It was a beautiful summer's day, and they

drove on and on, until about seven miles from Camberwell they came to a picturesame old village, to which the builder's destroying hand has yet left a little of its old beauty. Abthe foot of a hill stood the venerable church, its peaceful graveyard approached through a wide

The carriage stopped, and Alan handed out the ladies, Dora last of all. He could feel the trembling of her hand as it rested on his arm, and he whispered a few fond words of comfort as he led her into the church, where Mr. D'Arcy came forward to meet them.

As in a dream, Dora saw that a clergyman was standing with an open book, and a clerk appeared from some corner, They were really being married, and nothing had happened to prevent it.

Michael D'Arey gave away the bride, his wife and Mrs. Fane signed the register after-wards in the vestry. That was all. No pomp— no ceremony. Surely never was a Countess

married so simply.

But when the others had left them to return by train, and the bride and bridegroom were driving back alone, Dora turned to her husband with a deep, solemn gladness in her voice, a joy too deep for words,—

"In it really true?"

"It is quite true, my own! My beautiful anderer has found her true home at last in her husband's heart!"

"And you will love me always?"

"Till I die!"

"Because, you know," she said, with a beautiful humility, "I am afraid, dear, you won't have at all a suitable wife. I was never meant for a Countess; and I am wilful, Alan—wilful, but loving!"

[THE END.]

THE British troops serving in Egypt will be clothed in grey uniforms which will be thus put to a practical test. The mounted corps will wear Bedford cords and high boots. Even the kilts of the Scottish corps in Egypt are to be

A COOL COMPLIMENT .- A traveller relates that a peculiar kind of cucumber, very abort, and plump in the middle, is grown in Russia. The idea of female loveliness prevailing in the heart of a Russian pensant is inseparable from a certain rotundity of figure; hence to say that a woman is "plump as a cucumber." is considered a tender and graceful com-

THE LOST STAR.

CHAPTER XLIL

"Henr's a letter for you, old fellow!" said Lord Fielding, putting his head in at the door of Alverley's sitting room in the hotel at Nice. "Follow me to the club when you feel inolined 12

The Viscount nodded, as he stoeped to pick up the letter, which had fallen on the polished boards. Without looking at the address, he carried it with him out on to the balcony, where

he threw himself down on a pile of cushions,

and proceeded to light a cigarette.
"Confounded nuisance Marston turning up! I know if I meet him we shall come to a scrimmage; and that won't be doing what that pretty girl asked me. She wanted me to give him a leg-up on to that particularly lively horse called duty!! "amoking leisurely as he lay on his back, "But," with a slight smile "if I tell him to follow my example, he'll only get to the dogs by a different road to his own. By the bye, where's that letter? It may be from Clem; more likely from the governor, with a general blow-up all round. Hullon!" as a dden change came over his face, and he sudden change came over his face, and he tore open the envelope in frantic haste. "Ruby — Ruby St. Heliers! what does it mean? Good Heavens! what a fool Ive been!" sinking back on the cushions, as if overcome by the thought of his own folly. "She was humbugging me all the while, and I never saw through it! Dolt—idiot—consum-Mistress of The Beeches ! Of course nate as I Misress of The Becomes Of Course she might be that, single or married. And the change of name was just what she would be likely to think of, instead of dragging her father's through the mid. I must get back to England in less than no time, or else sue'll bink I don't love her half enough! Oh! my lost star, I'll have you at last!"

He setambled to his feet on the point of calling for Phillips, but suddenly recollected an

appointment for that evening at Monte Carlo. Muttering a curse, as he recognised the neces-Muttering a curse, as he reauguised the necessity of putting off his journey to the next day, he resumed his former position; and with the precious letter stowed away safely next door to her photograph inside his waistoost, abandoned himself to a delicious reverie.

In a deviahort days they would be together, he and slie, with no scruples to part them, no Quixotic notions of honour, to stand between them. Once more he would hold her close to here are and press his happy livis to here.

his heart and press his happy lips to hers, and know that in a few months at latest she and show that in a few months at latest she would be his. He had wood her penniless and forsaken. Now she was rich and surrounded by friends; but that was no reason why the heir to the Earldom of Chester and vast estates in saveral counties should be alread to press

His motives could not be mistaken; and surely from her note, cantibus, though it was through maiden modesty, she would be rather

glad to nail him back.

And then, as the see sparkled and coquested with the suppline, and the yoices from the crowded Promenade des Auglais below rose in a mingled murmur of repartee and laughter, and life passed on in the joyous meanwantional fashion of the favourite southern city, a shadow fell agrees the heart of the solitary watcher on

He remembered the vices which had stained his soul, the wretched habits of dissipation, thrown off for a while under a better influence, but resumed too recklessly in a fit of despair-the long list of follies and him which he had misnamed pleames—and his course failed him as he thought of offering such a life as this to a pure hearted, stainless girl!

He was not fit to touch the heart of the same and the same and

much less her lovely lips! He could not give her up that was certain. But would she be happy with him when she knew what sort of a man he really was, and learns to despise him, as despise him she must, when her eyes were

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once opened? He hid his face from the light and the sun as if they shamed him.

He had rarely indulged in self-examination before, and the task was especially unpleasant. What had possessed him during all those years he could not imagine. The flavour having gone out of the forbidden fruit, he might well wonder why he had taken so much trouble to pick it; but the doubt was, if he would always find it tasteless, and never climb after it again. Never surely with an climb after it again. Never, surely, with an

angel by his side! Happiness had softened the heart in which here had ever been many good qualities mixed with the bad; and with quiet gravity he decided that as it was useless to bother himself about the past, it was chiefly necessary to turn his attention to the future. When Ruby was his wife, he would try to fashion his life after a more exalted pattern, and live for some better, higher purpose than the mere enjoyment of the passing hour. He would not turn a preacher or a saint; neither would he give up going to the Derby, Asoot or Sandown Park, or to the polo or pigeon-shooting at Hurlingham, &c. He would enjoy a run with the hounds as much as ever, and a tramp after reddeer over the moors, but he would live like an honest English gentleman, trying to do some good to his fellow-creatures, and never be obliged to fear the pure, sweet glance of his wife's eyes. decided that as it was useless to bother him-

"You lazy beggar! Why didn't you turn up?" And Lord Fielding strolled out on to the balcony with his hat in his hand, as if overcome with the heat. "Bolton and Templeton will settle the match with us to-night. It is to come off to-morrow at five o'clock, according to the present arrangement.

"Tm off to morrow, so you must manage to do without me; perhaps Vivian would take my place," and Alverley lighted another cigar-

"Not to be thought of. He can't shoot straighter than his own nose, which is as crooked as that woman's bonnet!" nodding to wards a lady who was passing in a carriage.
"But why are you going to hook it? Bad news from England?"

news from England?"

"No, not bad exactly, but I must be there."

"You must be here, on the contrary. Look here, Alverley." leaning on the balcony, but turning an aggrieved countenance towards his friend, "I won's stand being left in the lurch. We may pull off the match a little earlier to oblige you, and then you can go by the evening train.
It's very good of me, for the sun always does for my shooting, and I shan't see a pigeon if it

is blazing like to-day."
"How soon should I be there?" said Alverley, meditatively.

"Long before you are wanted, I'll bet. Come and have some dinner, or we shall miss our train to Monte Carlo."

It was a lovely evening. The soft ripple of the tideless sea murmured a loving greeting to the alumbering shore. The little children, who had run bare-footed after the miniature waves, had been kidnapped by their nurses and put to bed. But whilst the innocent were sleeping, the wicked were awake. Outside, the stars were shining in silent majesty, but with a warmer ray than in northern climates, as a warmer ray than in northern cumason, as if from their far-off thrones they were interested in the fate of the struggling mortals below, and striving by their light and sweetness to woo them to some thought of Heaven.

The air was heavy with the perfume of flowers, whilst a breath of wind rustled the wide-spreading leaves of the palms. A ray of moonlight rested on the distant summits of moonlight rested on the distant summits of the Alps, and down in the valley a thousand lights were twinkling amongst the shadows; but in the gardens around, under the shade of roses and palms, there were many nooks and corners, where, unseen in the friendly darkness, love's whispers could be unheard by the passing crowd.

"Stop a moment, Fielding," said Alverley, as in company with several others just arrived by the train they reached the plateau in front of the celebrated "Temple of Play." "Look

at that view, isn't it delicious? Paradise regained, and brought to France, instead of "—with some hesitation—"Arabia."
"If so, the gates of Heaven and hell are

pretty close together. Turn your back on that, and look on this."

Doors and windows were wide open, streams of light and music poured out upon the lawn, and under the gaalights were gathered the motley crowds, drawn thither from every corner of the globe, either by the thirst for excitement or the equally insatiable greed of gain. The monotonous call of the croupiers, gain. The monotonous call of the croupiers, the exaltant chackle of the winners, the despairing groan of the ruined, the idle chit-chat of the lookers-on; the music, the laughter, and the sighs—all joined together in a confused medicy. A feeling of repugnance to the wretched scene of man's degradation, came over Lord Alverley; and if the had not been for his friend, who drew him on, he would willingly have trained and related a wint closer. have stayed outside and smoked a quiet cigar-

ette amongst the roses.

This night, for the first time since his earliest boyhood, gambling had lost its zest, and he was far from being in his usually desperate hurry to see how much he could

Fortune rarely smiled upon him, and he more often than not left the gaming-table with empty pockets; and yet it had never lost its

charm until to-night.

Even as he crossed the threshold hellooked over his shoulder and gave a lingering look at

Some subtle instinct seemed to draw him back, but habit was too strong for him, and he yielded to the pressure of Fielding's arm.

"Confoundedly hot!" he grumbled.

"Yes; but we shan't feel it so much after

the first. There's Templeton—he looks pretty well grilled already. Let us make for him. Ugh! how that woman stinks of patchouli!"

Elbowing his way through the crowd, Lord Fielding made a capital pioneer for Alverley. who had a constitutional aversion to any vio-

lent exertion, except in the way of sport.

By the time he came up to them in his leisurely fashion the preliminaries of the match were nearly settled, and Captain Templeton

was saying,

"Bolton has been called by important busi-ness to Rome or Paris—I really forget which
—but he said his friend, Captain Marston,

would take his place."
"Oh, dear, no!" said Alverley, quietly. "I

object to that arrangement!"
Captain Templeton looked surprised, and Captain Marston, who was standing close be-hind him, stepped forward.

"On what plea, may I ask?"
"You need not ask—because "You need not ask—because you know!" looking at him calmly, from head to foot.
"Marston is a first-rate shot!" and Temple-

ton looked uneasily from one to the other. "He beat the American the week before last into a cocked hat !

"Alverley told me before dinner that he wished to start for England to-morrow; so, perhaps, after all," said Lord Fielding, "we had better put off the match till he comes

"Perhaps so," said Alverley, not wishing, for Violet St. Heliers' sake, to be drawn too

far.
"Whether you do or not---" began Marston, with a scowl.

ston, with a scowl.
"Don't make a fool of yourself!" said
Templeton, in an under-tone. "He's not the
man to stand any nonsense!" trying to drag

him away.

Marston shook him off, and placed himself in front of his former friend.

"I demand an explanation!"
"You may—but it is unnecessary."
"It is not; and I will have it!" his chest

heaving with passion.
"Do you want me to tell the whole room what I think of you?" slowly, as if in expostulation.

"Yes!" in a loud voice, as his excitement broke through all bounds. "And I'll tell them

in return, how, under your own father's roof, you made dishonourable love to Miss St. —

He never got any further, for Alverley sprang forward like an enraged tiger, and hit him a stinging blow on the mouth. Marston tottered, and would have fallen, but

for those who were behind, and Fielding seized

Lord Alverley's arm in a grasp of iron.

Women screamed, men pushed eagerly forward to see what the scuffle was about, and even the players cast a glance over their shoulders, roused for an instant from the delirium of play.

Captain Marston wiped the blood from his lip, and looked with flashing eyes at Alverley, who stood perfectly calm and composed in the centre of the crowd, quietly waiting for the

"After this," he said, as distinctly as his swollen lip would allow him, "You cannot refuse me the satisfaction of a gentleman!" Lord Alverley bowed with careless indif-

"No; although I do not consider you one ! Captain Marston turned away without a word, though his face was white with suppressed passion, beckening to Templeton to follow him.

"Fielding, I know I can trust to you, and let it be arranged as quickly as possible; for, come what will, I must start for England tomorrow.

"Of course—I'm at your service; but, you know, you needn't fight him. Duelling is an exploded idea!"
"In England—but not here. I couldn't

show my face in Nice or Cannes, or any of these places, if I let it pass. Besides," with a frown, "they might have thought it true!" "And it wasn't?" with a quick look into his

" It was the foulest lie that was ever spoken ! The girl "-some what hoarsely-" is an angel, more fit for Heaven than earth. Come out of

He stood for a moment in perfect silence contemplating the scene before him. The earth had never seemed so fair to him before. What was there in this night of all others that gave it its special charm? Perhaps it was because it might be his last!

CHAPTER XLIII.

The last ball of the season attracted an enormous crowd to Hyde Park-gardens, and carriage after carriage set down its burden of fashion and frivolity at Lady Augusta

fashion and frivolity at Lady Augusta Craven's hospitable doors.

The masculine element preponderated to an unusual degree, for a whisper had passed from club to club that a new heiress was to make her débet in London life—an heiress with a fortune that might have belonged to a Princess out of the Arabian Nights, and a face such as an out of the Arabian Nights, and a face such as an artist might have seen in his dreams, but never been able to realise on cauvas. Beauty and riches combined! Such an "ensemble" was not to be met with every day of the week. The impecunions flirt began to reckon his chances, as he fastened his glittering "solitaire" in the centre of his disphanous shirt; the confirmed health health hear to reflect that the confirmed bachelor began to reflect that, after all, matrimony might have its consolations; and every male that was fortunate enough to get an invitation, either through personal acquaintance or the interest of friends, resolved to come and look at the prize, whether he had a hope of winning it or no— even if a prior engagement imperatively called him elsewhere.

him elsewhere.

The two sisters were dressed exactly alike in cream-coloured tulle, spangled with pearls, cream-coloured satin bodices profusely trimmed with the same pearl-sprays, and small feathers in their hair, lace fans in their hands. Lady Augusta had wisely insisted that there should be some difference between them. be some difference between them, to prevent constant mistakes by their partners; so Ruby had chosen yellow roses for her flowers, and Violet the darkest red.

Violet was bending over a bouquet of ex.

quisite roses, when her sister came in to see if

"Who sent you those flowers?" she asked at once, stooping to bury her own face in their fragrance. "If Sir Arthur had not thought of me. I should have had to buy mine for

"Mr. Jerningham always supplies me with a bouquet," with a fleeting blush, followed by a

"Indeed! that looks very suspicious; I shall keep my eyes wide open to night. Come along, I think we are rather late!" leading the way to the door.

"He is not coming-neither he nor any of the party. Annt Augusta thinks that the old general, Lady Chester's father, who has been dying for the last twelve months somewhere down at Cannes, has at last made up his mind to finish it off. I wish he had done it long

to finish it off. I wish he had done it long ago; any time but just now "—very ruefully.
"Yes, you are disappointed, and so am I," rejoined Ruby. It was impossible to say more, for they were followed down the stairs by an admiring concourse of maids; and yet there were many questions which Ruby was longing to ask, for she had begun to suspect longing to ass, for she had begun to suspect that Captain Marston was already supplanted by her own old friend, Harold Jerningham. She smiled to herself, as she remembered that there was a time when she had infinitely prethere was a time when she had infinitely pre-ferred him to his brother, till somehow, by that irresistible charm of his—against her own wishes and sternest resolutions—Lord Alverley had stolen the heart out of her breast and made it for ever his own.

Would he ever come back to claim it? She thought he would, and the thought gave a joyous animation to her beauty, in which her

The rooms were brilliantly lighted, and decked with flowers of every description; the floor was perfect, the music entrancing; admiring glances met hers on every side. Wherever she went crowds of men followed her steps, made happy by a smile or a word, or the privilege of holding either fan or bouquet if they could not obtain a dance.

After her long seclusion from the world—

after the long weary days of poverty and neglect—the change was delightful, and she enjoyed it with the easy abandon of a child.

The humble governess at Chester Chase, who had been obliged to put on her own skates

and travel second-class, and take the lowest seat at every feast, transformed as if by the wand of Cinderella's fairy into the Beauty of a London ball-room; sought after by the rich, the blass and the noble, as well as by every other man who had eyes in his head and pulses to be quickened by the sight of her

charms, Lady Augusta watched her niece with a Lany Angusta watched her niece with a gratified smile. "I knew she would be a success, by the very way in which she held her head, so differently to the ordinary run of girls. I wish the Chesters had been here tonight!"

Miss St. Heliers, I hope you haven't for-

gotten me? "said an eager voice, without a bit of the fashionable drawl of London society.

"Forgotten you! No, Mr. Graves," and Ruby put her hand in his with her sweetest smile.

"You remind me too forcibly that pride must

"I never was so ashamed of myself in my life, but it is cruel of you to remind me of it directly. I was told I should see you here to night, so I gave up a race-meeting on purpose, you think you owe me a dance for that? stretching out his hand for the card, which was dangling from her fan.

"If I owe I cannot pay, so it will make no difference!

"Oh, yes, it will, because then I can claim the first chance. You don't look as if London air disagreed with you," looking down at her, with open admiration in his eyes. "But where have you been hiding all this while?"

"How can you tell I was hidden, if you never came to seek?"

"There can be no hunt if the fox won't come out of his hole."

"You will certainly be too late, if you wait

to order your horse until you see his brush."
"I should have waited for nothing," he began
eagerly, but broke off: "Mrs Upton sent you
a heap of messages—but I've forgotten them

"Just like a man! A man thinks nothing

of a message—a woman everything."
"Some messages—especially those from women to men—are worth their weight in

"I hope a little more, as breath weighs nothing.

"I am such a fool, but you know what I mean; for instance, if you sent me a message by a fellow, and he didn't deliver it, I would

by a fellow, and he didn't deliver it, I would strangle him on the spot."
"What spot?" with a smile. "If he didn't give it, you would know nothing about it, "he would know something about it, "he lound it out. Miss St. Heliers, you can't mean to treat an old friend so shabbily as to leave him entirely out of the run?"
"Now when I come across my uncle I will

No: when I come across my uncle I will sk him to have 'an extra' on purpose-when

the dowagers go in to supper."
"Thanks!" with a grateful glance, as the
Marquis of Merchaven came up to claim his

The two sisters danced opposite to one another, in a set of Lancers. To Ruby it seemed other, in a set of Lancers. To Ruby it seemed like a dream, as she moved forward with a happy smile on her lips, and met Violet's eyes. They had been separated so long, and passed through such depths of misfortune, that it was difficult to realize that the whole bright pageant would not pass away, like the transformation scene of a pantomine, and leave them in their humble domicile at Chatterton-street, with anxious thoughts about the butcher's bill, or other wreasin datalis. As they passed each other prosaic details. As they passed each other in the act of crossing over, Lord Mere-

haven smiled. "Your sister is very like you," he said, "but

yet there is a difference."
"Yes; Violet's hair is not quite the same

shade as mine, and her eyes are darker."
"Then your lashes must be longer; but I was not thinking of them—that is to say," with a laugh, "I was not talking of them. Your sister looks as if something had passed—and you as if something were to come—the one regretful-the other expectant. Of what?

"Ah!" with a shake of his close-cropped head. "I haven't the clue. You might tell me, but of course you won't." "Perhaps I cannot tell myself. I am very

happy to night, and that is enough for me."
"Enough! I should think so—it is more than half the world can say. Have you dropped down from the skies, and brought some of their brightness with you?

No; but I have come from vegetating in the country, and this is a pleasant contrast "A contrast! yes. Some people might prefer the buttercups."

Yes, if they couldn't get them-only then." "Of course, the greatest charm lies in the nattainable. I should like to be lying at your unattainable. feet in a dewy hayfield at the present moment, with a breath of fresh air in our faces," wiping his forehead, to show how much he was in need

of it, "and nobody else to get in my way."

"The dewy hayfield would be rather damp, and sure to leave a legacy of aches and

"You will not let me be romantic, even when I try in obedience to a certain spell, I find in you, to be so against the grain."

"Never try against the grain—you are sure not to succeed," smiling at his efforts to get through the crowd.

"When I try with the grain, and with the whole strength of my will into the bargain—do you think there is any chance?" looking down into her eyes, in a way that he meant to be especially fascinating.

It depends upon what you try for. Choose

an easy object, and you need take but very little

trouble to win it!

"Easy things are sure to be so confoundedly uninteresting," his eyes roaming towards a group of girls, who were watching his every movement or gesture with the liveliest interest. I should like to try after something I was not so sure of. Even a tiger-hunt would lose its excitement if you knew exactly where to find

the tiger."
"Then you must take some trouble, that is all," with a careless indifference that nettled

his pride.
"I shall!" emphatically. "Shall you ride in the Row to-morrow?

"No, I haven't found a horse to suit me." "May I call in the afternoon?

"You may leave a card, but we are sure to

"Are you never in to five o'clock tea?"

eagerly.
"Yes, very often, and intimate friends drop in as they please."
"May I forestall a hoped-for intimacy and

"This is my aunt's house; you must ask her leave, not mine," slowly unfurling her

"Give me yours, and that will be half the

"I have nothing to do with it."

"It would be you that brought me, you must know that!"

"How could I bring you?" with a smile, if I never said come?"

"if I never said come?"

"By the force of involuntary attraction."

"Miss St. Heliers, this dance is mine," and
Archie Graves eagerly extended his arm, as
the first bars of the longed-for extra floated through the now half empty room. The Marquis stood aside with a frown of mortificamarquis stood aside with a frown of morainea-tion. It was absurd to be thrown over by a fellow whom he didn't know by sight, and who clearly wasn't in his set? Any other girl in the room would have jumped at the chance of a prolonged firtation with "the best match." of the season; but heiresses always gave them-selves such infernal airs. Reflecting thus, he lounged against the doorway in a pronounced fit of the sulks, whilst the two objects of his displeasure floated round the room in happy

"Our steps go very well together, but we mustn't be too proud of ourselves like we were on the ice," and Ruby, utterly exhausted by the unusual exertion, after her quiet life during the past year, stopped still, and leant against the framework of one of the windows, as if for support.

You are tired out, let us come on to the balcony;" and Archie, alarmed at her paleness, carried her off at once into the freshness of the starlit night outside. Some more adventurous spirits had stolen down into the gardens below, and the balcony for the time being was deserted.

Ruby scarcely knew why, but as she raised her tired eyes to the tranquil sky, her thoughts flew far away to her once discarded lover. Where was he now? Thinking of her perhaps as a heartless girl, who had not kn

own mind, when the game was in her hands.

A lady came out of the ballroom with her partner, and after talking about the heat of the room, the pretty effect of the lights in the distance, &c., retired again within the lace

curtains,
"Miss Deyncourt," said Archie Graves, as soon as she had disappeared. "She was down at Chester Chase last Christmas, and there at Chester Chase last Christmas, and there was a report that she was going to marry poor Alverley. I almost wonder that she is here to-night, but they say that she has a golden nugget instead of a heart. I do like a woman to have a soft point somewhere."

"If she were head over ears in love with him," said Ruby, rather amused, "that is no reason why she should stay away from a dance because his octogenarian grandfather had at last made up his mind to die."

"His grandfather!" in surprise, "I had not

heard of that."

"That is why Lady Clementina and Mr. Jerningham are not here. I thought of course, you hnew." I was torribly disappointed, far I wanted very much to see them, after all that has happened. Ah, Mr. Graves, weren't you. has happened! Ah, Mr. Graves, weren't you surprised to hear that I had grown into some body of importance?" looking up into his face a smile

"Yes, very much," with a grave, pracecupied air, "You always did seem somebody of instruction to me, though—the tin has made no

"Then you are different to the rest of the world. Pour Lady Chester was always kind to me. I wonder if she feels her father's death very much !

"I should think her son had put it out of

her mind.24

'Why?" with a convulsive start; "has he been doing anything extraordinary?"

Before he could answer the butler pulled

side the lace curtains, and peered into the dim light.

"Miss Ruby?" he said, doubtfully.

"Here," she answered, with a sudden pang
in her heart, as she guessed it must be a messenger of evil.

"A boy brought this," holding out a small packet on a silver tray. "He says he has travelled night and day to bring it here in time, and he was delayed by going down first to Sunnydale."

In an instant she knew what it was, and the lights in the park below seemed to dance be-fore her eyes. She tore open the papers in eager, frightened haste, and out rolled the

"He's dying!" she gasped, looking up with stribed eyes. "He promised to send it me. Take me to him," holding out her hands like a obild. "Oh, Heaven! I must be there!" And then, earth and sky and twinkling lights vanished, and she sank upon the nearest seating a dead faint. Alverley's massage had renched her, but was it not too late?

(To be continued.)

FACETLE:

"Para," said a jealous little boy, "I de wish you would put Alice down." "Why, don't you like to have me hold her?" "Yes," was the reply; "but I'm afraid you'll drop her."

"Yes," said Fenderson, "I've got quite an ear for music," "You have quite an ear, sure enough," said Fogg, "but I wasn't sure it was for music. I didn't know but it was intended for a windmill,"

As old gentlemen without tact, on meeting some ladies whom he had known as girls in his boyhood, cordially remarked, "Bless me! his boyhood, cordially remarked, "Bless me t how time files. Let me see, its thirty two years come next April since we used to go to school together. I was a little chap then, you remember, and you were fine young women." The old man could never understand why his cordial greeting was received so coldly.

REV. Mr. Good recently attended a masked REV. MR. GOOD recently attended a masked ball, and the next day he met Mrs. Jones and her husband. "Ab, Mr. Good, you were at the bal masque," said the lady. "Yes, I was there." "Masked?" "Oh; yes, of course," "How did you go?" "As a Christian, worn down and weary," and he heaved a sigh. "Ahem," said Mr. Jones, solle vocz, "the disguise must have been very complete."

A CLERGYMAN at Cambridge preached a sermon which one of his auditors highly com-mended. "Yes," said a gentlemen who stood by, "it was a good samon, but he stole it."
This was told the preacher. He resented it, and called on the gentleman to retract what he said. "I am not," replied the accuser, "very apt to retract my words; but in this instance apt to retract my words; but in this instance. I will. I said you had stolen the sermon. I find I was wrong; for, on returning home, and referring to the book whence I thought it was taken, I found it still there." Ans the imaginary pictures one sees in the glowing coals an evidence that the fire draws

"I hann't was pureled what to do for the best," said our own Mrs. Ramebotham. "I was quite son the corns of a dumma, as the

[Exit; groaning.]

Scree, village school. Lady Visitor (to a very dirty child):—"Jane, why don't you come with a clean face to school?" Jane (after some hesitation):—"Please, ma'am, mither canna spare me ony safe water, and she wunna hae me use hard, for it cracks ma skin."

me use hard, for it cracks maskin."

"Do you hear this?" cried Mrs. Bascom, reading. "The excessive death-rate in Spain is owing largely to the uncleanly habits of the people. Thousands of Spaniards have never washed aince they were born. No wonder the poor creatures are dark complexioned!"

"Ir was the finest dinner I ever sat down to the finest that any man ever sat down to," said an eminent politician, the other day. "What did you have to est?" asked a friend. "Why, nothing at all; we just talked and drank, and drank, and drank."

A CHEL Seven or eight years old slipped down, the other day, and as she was picking, herself up a pedestrian said: "Don't cry, dear." "Who's going to?" she starply demanded, as she rose up. "I guess when a girl has got her mother's shawl on she ain't going to let anybody know she's hurt."

One of Guibollard's friends called to see him very early the other morning. After having knocked several times, the door was at last opened. "Well," said he, "I have knocked a long while."—"Oh, I heard you," replied Guibollard, "but I slept so well that I heaitated about waking up."

Children are sometimes philosophers, and just as able to draw an inference as older people. "New, William," said a coaxing mother, "I don't like to take medicine any more than you do, but I just make up my mind to do it." The solon of genius looked up through his tears, and replied, "And, mother, I just make my mind that I won't, and I don't!"

A GENTLEMAN who had taken the right of shooting over a moor in Ayrshire at a high rent, bagged only two brace the first day. After counting the price, he grumblingly remarked to the tenant of the moor that the birds had cost him two guineas the brace. The tenant very innocently replied: "A weel, air, ye may be thanfu' ye has gotten sae few o' them. They're far too dear."

"Pa's a long way ahead of Wiggin's," said felancthon, to one of Mr. Marrowiat's Melancthon, to one of Mr. Marrowfast's guests, as they were examining the pictures in the parlour after dianer. "Your father is a very clever man," politely observed the gentleman to whom the remark was addressed. "Yes," continued the garrulous boy, "he can tell when there's a storm coming every time, by just looking in ma's face."

"No, aunt," said young Folkstone, "Idon't get on well at all with Clara. And, by the way, there's one thing I don't like; I'm straid she puts chalk on her face." "Oh, that's nething," replied Aunt Goodwin, laughing. "A nice soldier you would make, now, wouldn't you? If you can't face powder George, how can you expect ever to get into an engagement?"

Mapan Z., an old society belle who is past sixty, is inconsolable at the death of her mother, who has just passed away at the age of eighty-nine. One of her friends tries to of eighty-mne. One of her friends tries to calm her sorrow a little by saying to her, "Yes, it is a very cruel loss for you." "Ah, a hundred times more cruel than you can imagine. Just think, while she lived I could still say, 'My mother,' and that made me look and feel twenty years younger!" Practice Manes Prayeer.—True, but a man can continue to drop a hot plate as readily the first time trying as the second.

Wir hear a good deal about the "rage for peculation;" but the rage generally comes after the speculation.

"What are you writing such a big hand for, Pat?" Why, do you see that my grandmother is date, and I'm writing a loud letter to her."

Ar a school the question was asked: "What sort of a bed is a down bed?" A little boy answered: "It's a bed on the floor, sir."

"Don't you think, Bessie, that you could love me a little?" And Bessie answered, with her me a little?" And Bessie answered, with her most engaging smile: "Yes, Fred, a very little."

"Turr tell me you have had some money left you," said Brown. "Yes," said Smith sadly, "it left me long ago."

"What are you going to do when you graw up, if you don't know how to cipher?" asked a teacher of a rather slow boy. "I'm going to be a schoolmaster, and make the boys do the ciphering," was the reply.

"Madam," cynically observed a gentleman to a leader of fashion, "woman doen't seam to be as much of a 'clinging vine' as she once was."—"That's because of the extreme insecurity of the manly oak," returned the lady.

What agonies must the post have endured who, writing of his love, asserted that he wised her under the attent stars," and found the compositor had made him declars that he " kicked her under the cellar steirs !"

Said the sailor to his sweetheart: "T know that ladies care little about nautical matters, but if you had your choice of a ship, what kind of one would you prefer?" She cast down her eyes, blushed, and whispered: "A little smack."

"HERE we are, within a quarter of a mile of land!" was the joyful cry of the captain of an ocean steamer to his grumbling passengers.
"Where? Which way is it?" "Anywhere down there," said the captain, pointing downward; "the lead gives us two hundred and twenty fathoms of water, and the land comes slap up against the brine."

A little fellow of five, going along the street, is stopped by a kind-hearted gentleman, who says: "Where are you going, my little man?"—"To school."—"And what do you do at school? You lears to read?"—"No."—"To write?"—"No."—"To count?"—"No."—"To what do you do?"—"I wait for school to be let out."

Two old schoolfellows met in a drawingroom for the first time in many years. " How old are you now, and what are you up to?" asked one, — Forty years, plenty of meney, and a bacheter," replied the other. — Ah, my boy; you are wrong in remaining a bachelor; it is a very sad condition; you are alone, and no one cares for you."— O, yes, yes, my friend; we always have our creditors!"

Born Sonn.—A stylish young man escorted a couple of equally stylish girls over a very large hotel the other day. When the party had arrived at the top of the stairs one of the girls dropped her silk umbrella, which slid clear days to the bottom. The young man started down to the bottom. The young man started down after it, and just then a portly and near-sighted old gentleman came waddling down the hall, asking everybody he met if they had seen the cabman who was to come after him at four o'clock. Just for the fun after him at four o'clock. Just for the fun of the thing, the girls directed him to the young man at the bottom of the stairs, and the old gentleman charged down on him with "Here, you, why didn't you have my cab to time as you promised?" The young man was staggered for a moment, until he saw the girls giggling, and took in the situation. Then he gigging, and took in the situation. Then he arose equal to the emergency, and replied, "Oh, I'm not the cabman; I just came down to have a little fun with those two barmaids up there." He will have to rend the umbrella home by post now.

SOCIETY.

Mas. Charcsorr, sister of Sir John Franklin, who spent nearly the whole of her fortune in sending out expeditions to the Arctic regions in search of her lost brother, died recently at Dorking, aged ninety.

Savezan of the Members of the House of Commons have presented Inspector Denning with a handsome album in purple morecco, mounted in gold, and bearing his monogram, also in gold.

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As to whether the Queen will open the Inter-national Flaherles Exhibition is still a matter for conjecture. The personal desire of her Majesty to perform the ceremony, if at all able, is very great, and that may possibly be sufficient to surmount all difficulties.

Ar the grand military chess tournament with living pieces the chessmen, by permission of the Major-General Commanding the Home District, will be represented by non-commissioned officers and men of the Household Brigade. The Prince and Princess of Wales have promised to attend one day during the tennement.

The Prince of Wales has presented Prince Wilhelm of Germany with the original costume of a Scottish chief of the twelfth eastery. This dress was worn by the Prince at a costume hall given a few days ago at Potsdam by the officers of the Prussian Guards

quartered there.

Trans fever has set in strongly among the Americans in Paris and has attracted the attention of aristocratic male Paris. The attention of aristocratic male Paris. The French ladies do not admire the exercise. It is rade and rough, they say, and may pass for a boarding school girl. Be that as it may, the greatest pleasure was shown in witnessing a recent match between the various American young ladies, who showed great skill.

young ladies, who showed great skill.

Thank were many lovely toilettes worn at the wedding of the Hon. Rhoma Tollemache with Mr. Wood. Mauve seemed to be emblematically chosen by the ladies of the family, as nearly all wore its most becoming shades. The Tollemache family is well known to be one of the most solidly wealthy amongst us, and it is no wonder that riches still flow in. For instance, Beatrice, wife of the Hon. Lionel Tollemache, finds herself in possession of about £90,000 as one of the heiresses of her father, Lord Egeston of Tatton, whose will, lately proved, is an example that heads of great families do sometimes think of and care for the interests of younger children and daughters. Bargaren people, who were wise and anxious

interests of younger children and daughters.

Barderen people, who were wise and anxious for the comfort and pleasure of their visitors, wanted to have half-a-dozen seats with glass sheltering screens on the Esplanade. After much consideration the Town Council have come to the conclusion that compromise is the essence of wisdom, and have neither refused entirely nor granted fully, but have promised four seats. If the fashionable people who patronise London-super-Mare, and are the arbitrators of its very existence, wanted it they ought to have the parade covered with glass ought to have the parade covered with glass from one end to the other.

from one end to the other.

A veen stylish wedding was that of Mr. Herbert Woods, 16th (Queen's) Lancers, and Miss Preston, youngest daughter of Sir John Preston, which took place at St. James's, Belfast, on April 12. The bride wore ivory satin, made plain with a thick ruche at the edge of the skirt, and the long train well-draped at the back. A wreath of real orange blossoms and stephanotis, and a tulle veil, with large diamond star, the gift of the bridegroom. She carried a bouquet of exquisite flowers. The bridesmaids wore skirts of nun's veiling, flounced to the waist and edged with lace, Louis XVI. coats of cream moiré, large hats with bunches of lace and real Maréchal Neil roses; each carried a basket of the same flowers with maidenhair fern. They wore gold horseshoe brooches with bars across, the gift of the bridegroom.

STATISTICS.

SNAMES AND WILD BEASTS IN INDIA, As many as 20,000 deaths are stated to occur many as 20,000 deaths are saved to occur annually in India from snake-bites, and since 1870 from 150,000 to 200,000 persons have perished in this way. India possesses more deadly snakes than any other country, and the bite of the cobra is often fatal within half-an hour. In the year 1880, 212,776 servents of In the year 1880, 212,776 serpents of all kinds were destroyed, and rewards, amounting in all to 11,663 rupees, were paid to their

PABLIAMENTABY ELECTORS.—There is a grand stal of 2,632,223 electors in the English and total of 2,632,223 electors in the English and Welsh constituencies, 966,631 in the counties, 1,651,761 in the cities and boroughs, and 13,831 in the Universities. In Ireland the electors are 226,511, of whom 164,679 are in the counties, 57,784 in the cities and boroughs, and 4,048 in Dublin University. In Scotland the total is 322,967, the counties claiming 99,346, the burghs 210,858, and the Universities 12,763. Thus the total number of electors in the three kingdoms is 3,181,701.

GEMS.

TRUST not him that seems a saint.

SIMPLICITY, of all things, is the hardest to be copied.

Advice is seldom welcome. Those who need it most take it least.

Prosperity is no just scale; adversity is the only balance to weigh friends.

Durr cannot be neglected without harm to those who practice as well as to those who suffer the neglect.

PRECEPT is instruction that is written in sand, and washed away by the tide; example is instruction engraved on the rock.

HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.

LEMON PIES. - Line two deep tin plates with a paste rolled very thin. Set in a cool place until the filling is made. Beat to a froth three teacupfuls of sugar, the rind and juice of three lemons, and the yolks of six eggs; then beat the whites to a stiff froth and stir into the sugar and other ingredients with three tablespoonfuls of milk. Fill the two plates with this mixture, and bake in a moderate oven forty five minutes. Thorough beating of the mixture and the slow baking are absolutely necessary to the success of the dish.

Stewed Fish.—Cut up some soles, whiting, cod, or any other fish, flour and fry them in hot fat; slice an onion and fry that also, then put them both together in a stewpan with a bunch of sweetherbs, and just cover them with water. Season to tasts with salt, pepper, pounded mace, and a clove or two. Add sufficient flour to thicken the gravy, and a connic of spoonfuls of mushroom catsure; stew couple of spoonfuls of mushroom catsup; stew gently until thoroughly cooked, and serve in a deep dish with some forcement balls made from the trimmings of the fish.

General pudding sauce is made of three eggs, half a cupful of water, a cupful of sugar, one tablespoonful of butter and three of braudy. A teaspoonful of van ila extract can be substituted for the liquor. The sugar and water are tuted for the liquor. The sugar and water are boiled in a saucepan for a quarter of an hour. The yolks of the eggs are beaten and stirred into this syrup. The saucepan is next put into another basin containing hot water, and the mixture is beaten with a whisk till it begins to thicken; then the butter is to be added, and the brandy and whites of the eggs beaten to a stiff froth. With a minute's stirring the sauce is finished.

MISCELLANEOUS

ABSENCE OF MIND.—The sister of an eminent clergyman, accompanying her brother to a dinner party, entirely forgot that she was not at her own table, and apologized for the abominably bad dinner. She was "quite ashamed" to see such a dinner sent to a table. The lady of the house did not enjoy the blunder as much as the quests. the blunder as much as the guests.

table. The lady of the house did not enjoy the blunder as much as the guests.

The Closh of a Danish Wedding festivities are growing less hearty and more formal even in the rural parts of all countries where heart and fealing are not crushed out by formality. When a wedding-morning comes in a little Danish town or village, the bells ring, the church is decorated with fresh flowers and green boughs, and the pealing organ tells of the coming joy. At last the brids party comes in gay stire, adorned with garlands of flowers. The bride advances; the groom stands beside. The minister pronounces the words and reserves their plighted troth, witnessing the contract between the two. Then at the old home all is merriment and joy. The glass sparkles with wine, and health and happiness are wished to the bride and the husband of her choice. The moment comes at last when she is to leave the home of her youth, the care of her parents. The guests have all departed, and at last the bride, her cheeks wet with tears, looks her last on the old home, where the words of greeting are still affixed; and the horses bear her sway from sobbing mother and the storner father, whose eyes are moistened with unshed tears.

SLANG.—Where does all the slang come from? Children deal in it levels wet it was the slang come from? Children deal in it levels wet it was the slang come from? Children deal in it levels wet it was the slang come from? Children deal in it levels wet it was the slang come from? Children deal in it levels wet it was the slang come from? Children deal in it levels wet it was the slang come from? Children deal in the slang come from? Children deal the slang come from? Children deal the slang come from th

SLANG.—Where does all the slang come from? Children deal in it largely; yet it is not born with children. But they learn to lisp it before knowing its meaning. Why parents should allow this is beyond comprehension. No parent lives who, if not educated and cultivated himself, does not desire and in so me degree expect that his child will be some day. And yet how few are the parents who hy nained. degree expect that his child will be some day. And yet how few are the parents who, by using slang themselves, do not constantly teach their children this most slovenly of all intellectual or verbal habits. Children learn nearly everything they know by imitation, and he has to be a most repulsive father who is not taken by his child for a model. How can a slangy mother expect any other result than slangy children—and how can they expect otherwise, when they are people of even moderate sense, than that this vice will have to be cured in school at creat cost of time to the cured in school at great cost of time to the pupil and effort to the teacher, or else that the child will all his life be disfigured and be-

Swallows,—For many ages the swallow has been known in all parts of England, so that the veriest Londoner would feel insulted if assumed not to know a swallow when he saw it. As a matter of fact, however, the dwellers in the country themselves are by no means to in the country themselves are by no means to be trusted, as those who register earliest appearances of certain birds have only too good cause to know. The ordinary swallow whose appearance is signalized from one quarter or another about Lady-Day every year is nearly always the sand-martin, which arrives in England a fortnight or three weeks before the swallow. The sand-martin is the smaller of the two and of a predominant mouse colour swallow. The sand-martin is the smaller of the two, and of a predominant mouse colour. Its wings and tail are shorter than those of the true swallow, and it is also remarkable for a lower and less powerful flight. The presence of steel blue colour in the swallow's plumage should usually suffice to distinguish it, but where a poor light prevents recognition by colour its long outer tail feathers, extending considerably beyond the closed wings, will serve to identify it.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Bessie.—It is not advisable entirely to discard warm clothing in this climate till the middle of May.

R. W. S.—The magistrate has no jurisdiction over property above the value of £15.

D.—When the dinfier is ready, and the last guest has arrived, the butler comes in and announces the dinner. ELLEN.—Try bathing them with weak spirits and water. If this does not avail consult a medical practice.

B. Y.—The silver wedding is the twenty-fifth anniver-sary of the marriage; the golden wedding the fiftieth anniversary.

O. N.—The host goes in first to dinner with the lady for whom the dinner is given. The hostess comes last with the gentleman whom she wishes to honour.

CANTAB.—The line "Music hath charms to sooth the savage breast," occurs in Congreve's Marienne; or, the Mourning Bride, act iv. sc. i.

SIDNEY P.—1. Apply at the head quarters of the corp 2. Yes, several. 3. There is no particular limit. Any of over eighteen would be accepted.

E. F.—The wife is entitled to one third of her hand's personal property, but in the case mentioned echold goes to the heir-at-law.

D. T. B.—The lady is the best judge, and evidently thinks very little of you, or would not said you so per-sistently. Your persistence is admirable, but we are arraid useless.

W. Russell.—All depends on the ability of the per rmer, and whether the performance is a speciality or oc. A performer of ordinary skill, however, can com-and a very good salary.

D. L. S.—You are rather young to marry, and possibly your quarrel may be made up in due time, if you ac-knowledge your fault. You have behaved very badly. The young lady has good cause to give you up.

ROSERUR.—I. Both trades are good, and skilful work-men get very fair wages. The youth should be appren-ticed at as early an age as possible. 2. Writing good, but a little too small to be fashionable.

1 S. W.—You are right. Some ladies say they might as well be out of the world as out of the fashion, but if the new style of bonnet makes you "look a perfect fright" you are perfectly justified in not wearing one.

Beataice.—The young man will get over his anger. Do not allow yourself to be greatly troubled. Be polite and friendly when you meet him, and friendly relations will soon be restored.

J. C.—1. A gentleman as a rule takes his opera-hat into a theatre with him. 2. At a ball or dinner his hat would be left in an ante-room. 3. You cannot dance with any lady without an introduction.

ESSEE F.—Write to the gentleman and request him to return the volumes. In case he neglects to do so, get one of your male relatives to call upon him for them. Do not be at all timid or delicate about demanding your books.

8. M. (Londonderry).—Your lot is, no doubt, a hard one, but we must counsel patience, as you are so young and inexperienced in the world. In two or three years time you will be better able to start for yourself, but at present have no alternative but to stay where you are.

ROPE-SPINER.—1. There is, we believe, a work on the subject in Weale's Series. Write to the publishers, Messrs. Crosby, Lockwood and Co., Stationers' Hall-court, London. 2. There is no special work, but any good treatise on harmony will supply you with the information.

CAPO.—The story "Emerald and Ruby with a Diamond Heart" commenced in No. 349 and ended in No. 366, post free two shillings and three balf-pence. "Pathful Marguret" commenced in No. 358 and ended in No. 369, post free two shillings.

EFFIE—It would be a good plan to ascertain this young man's intentions. If he means to marry he should propose at once, and unless he is a suitor for your hand, you had better give up his company, at least receive him merely as a friendly acquaintance, and constonally.

HARRY D.—It would not be wise for you to propose while in such a state of uncertainty. Wait until you have better evidence of being a favoured suitor. If the young lady really enjoys your society very much she will let you know it in a thousand and one nameless

JAMES S.—When a letter has been received relating to social, friendly, or family affairs, an answer should be returned within ten days or a fortnight, at least. Of course there are circumstances which alter cases, and some letters are not expected to be answered within

some weeks.

Tom F.—I. Where there is a will there is a way. Set your mind thoroughly to master the subject, and you will aucoced. 2. The Srd of November. 1844, was a Sunday. 3. It means "be everlasting." 4. The name Frederick means "rich peaca." It comes from the

ANY R.—It is not prudent for a young lady to notice strangers. It is both improper and dangerous. The behaviour of young ladies is very important, if they hope to be respected and beloved by worthy men. Requatrianceships made by flirting seldom prove creditable, and seldom result in marriage.

S. N. R.—One's personal appearance is undoubtedly a subject for due consideration, and often goes a good way to win good opinions from others, therefore, one should strive, in a degree, to make the best of one's self; that is, should pay some heed to the niceties of dress, the little trifies which go so far towards producing a pleasing appearance.

G. O. M.—1. Invitations to a very small denoting or evening company should be written; and should distinctly state whether evening dress is to be worn or not, as the absence of this notification often leads to annoyance. 2. The engraved fermula may be used as well. In sending written invitations, care should be given to the style of stationery used.

Poss Daisy.—1. You will have to restrain your impatience until the young man tells you he loves you, if you are unable to judge of his feelings by his actions. 2. Girls of sixteen should not trouble their heads with thoughts of love and matrimony; they are not eld enough to appreciate the importance of such a serious matter as marriage.

P. W. F.—To make indelible printing ink, mix of pound of varnish (such as is used for ordinary printing ink), one pound of black sulphiret of mercury, ounce of nitrate of silver, one ounce of sulphire iron, two tablespoonfuls of lampblack. Thorough grind together, adding enough turpentine to reduce the requisite consistence.

Estruce.—You had better leave the neighbourhood.
Your in timacy with the young lady canonly lead to trouble.
Until you are free you have no business to cultivate sentimental relations with ladies. You are a married man, and your place is with your wife. You married too young.

No more, my "friend," your voice has power to wake Sweet echoes of lost music in my heart; Down life's dim ways two spirits walk apart That once went hand in hand, for friendship's sake; We strayed where fragrant lilies spread their bloom, where peaceful ahadows fell, and streams sang low, We sailed the sunlit sea of long ago. Ere all its laughing waters ebbed in gloom.

The sea of life blushed with a tender bloom.

As the the gates of sunrise stood ajar;
I dreamed we were as blest as angols are;
Love's blossoms filled my spirit with perfume;
You plucked the sweetest flower a life can hold—
The flower of tender true, of risandship true—
My hear's best treasures were poured out to you,
As on the cold rock falls the sunset's gold.

A fragrant lily of pure trust I gave,
You cast it back, a crushed and seathless thing,
The highest tribute that a beart can bring—
No flower so fair can blossom o'er its grave.
No more, lost friend, your voice has power to thrill
My pulses with awest rapture, as of old;
A sterner thing than hate is love grown cold—
Farewell, the sunset star burns on the hill.
A R I.

8. J.—I. A gentleman should have attained his majority, at least, before entertaining matrimonial ideas, as at that time he will, as a general rule, be the possessor of worldly experience sunfacent to guide him in matrimonial affairs. 2. Writing and composition are not quite up to the average, requiring a little practice to make them so.

AURORA.—1. The ladies are not required by the laws of etiquette to give any further explanation of their failure to accept the invitation. They have stated that circumstances prevented their accompanying you, and this should be sufficient, as no gentleman should attempt to pry into the secrets of his lady acquaintances. 2. One of the best histories of France is that written by Michelet, to be obtained from any first-class book-saller.

seller.

C. L. D.—To get rid of pimples on the face, good, general health is of prime importance. Plenty of exercise in the open at should be taken. The following preparation, it is claimed, will rid you of them: Camphor lotion, spermacett, white wax, oil of sweet almonds, each i ounce; shaving cream, a ounce; blanched almonds, 2 ounces; rose-water, a pint; alcohol, 2 ounces; oil of pimento and oil of Bergamot, each a drachm. Apply a small portion at a time, thoroughly rubbing it into the skin.

into the skin.

8. W.—The walnut-wood article desired to be polished should first be finished by giving it a coat of oil, and then sprinkling a mixture of whiting over the work until it is pretty well covered; then, with a soft rag or other like substance, this is well rubbed in. Let it dry thoroughly, and then varnish. See that the brush used for this purpose is perfectly clean and free irom loose hairs, dip it in the varnish, stroke it along the wire raised across the top of the varnish-pot, and give the work a thin and regular coat. This should be done as quickly as possible, and yet not so much as to cause bubbles in the varnish, and do not pass twice over the

same spot if it can be avoided. The room in which the varnish is applied should be warm and free from dust, and care must be taken never to apply a second cost until the first one has dried. After giving the work six or sevem coats, let it get quite hard, which may be determined by pressing the knuckles upon it (they will leave a mark if not quite hardened). With the first three fingers of the hand rub down all the streaks or lumps on the pertion intended to be polished, and then apply another coat of varnish, which should be allowed to stand a day or two to harden. Polishing is performed by first rubbing the work with very sinely-powdered pumice-stone and water; afterwands, patiently, with an olled reg and tripoli, until the desired lustre is attained. All of these operations require skill and practice, and it would be almost impossible for a novice in the business to obtain satisfactory results.

novice in the business to obtain satisfactory results.

JESS EGOLESTYCS.—I. Being a brunette, it behoves
you to wear rich colours, as garnet, dark bluesand the
like. Various people express their preference for the
blonde type of besuty, others for the brunette, while
just as many others declare that the demi-blonde is the
only type of female loveliness. 2. The greatest attractions for a gentleman when looking for a write are amplicity, beauty of heart, face, and mind, and a bountful
supply of good common sense. We say this advisedily,
as there are young men who become dazeled by the
butterflies of fashion, and find out too late their mistake.

c. N. B.—1. It is not necessary that you should make a wedding present to your employer's daughter, but if you desire to present her with a bouquet of flowers on her wedding-day, it will be quite an appropriate gift, and perfectly proper that you should do so. 2. The medicine you name in your lefter should only be taken under medical advice 3. Certainly not. 4. Fair. 5. We do not consider that a lady can with propriety propose to a gentleman during leap year any more than she can at any other time.

can at any other time.

M. B.—There are several imixtures used in making matches, among which we find the following: For sulphur dips, phosphorus, 8 parts; glue, 6 parts; sand, 1 part; which are mixed together below 100 degrees Fahrenheit, with 10 parts of water. The sticks are dipped into this mixture and allowed to dry. Its making pariour-matches, a composition consisting of 16 parts of gumarable, dissolved in the least possible amount of water, aid mixed with 9 parts of powdered phosphorus, to which is added 14 parts of saltpetre and 16 parts of either vermilion or black oxide of manganess made into a paste, is used. After the matches are dipped into this they are allowed to dry thoroughly, after which, in order that they may resist dampness, they are dipped into a very dilute cogal of lac varnish.

Danux.—The first English Duke was Edward the

into a very dilute copal or lac varnish.

Danny.—The first English Duke was Edward the Black Prince. He was created Duke of Oprnwell by his father, Edward III., in 1337. The title of Marquis was first bestowed by Richard II. on his favourite, Robert De Vere, Earl of Oxford, created Marquis of Dublin in 1386. The Saxon and Danish titles of Enderman, Eorle, and Thane were changed into Earl and Baron by William I. The title of Viscount was long in use in France before it was bestowed on any person in England. The first person who 1eld it was John Beaumont, created Viscount Beaument and Count of Boulogne, in France, 1440. The order of Baronets was established by James I. in 1611, and exists only in the British dominions.

Lin 1611, and exists only in the British dominions.

Denne Du Val.—1. The fan firtation is as follows Carrying in right hand in front of face-follow me; carrying in right hand in front of face-follow me; carrying in left hand—desirous of acquaintance; placing it on the right ear—you have changed; twirling it in the left hand—I was to get rid of you; drawing across the forshead—we are watched; carrying it in the right hand—you are too willing; drawing through the hand—I hate you; drawing across the cheek—I love you; twirling in right hand—I love another; closing it—I wish to speak to you; drawing across the eye—I am sorry; letting it rest on right cheek—yes; letting it rest on left cheek—no; open and shut—you are cruel; dropping it—we will be friends; fanning slowly—I am married; fanning fast—I am engaged; with handle to lipe—its me; shut—you have changed; open wide—wait for me. 2. Leok around among the young men residing in your neighbourhood, and if you are very careful you will doubtless discover in one of them the true likeness of your future husband.

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